

Next Week! "333"; or, The Boy Without a Name. Next Week! A Little Fun.

Wickedsburg in full view before them and the lights of the different mines twinkling on the mountain slopes on all sides.

"That's Wickedsburg," said Jennie, "but, oh, Harry, what will become of us if Arizona Jake happens to be on the street? He knows what I went out of town for and he had just as soon kill us both as eat."

"Would he?" asked Harry. "Well, I'm not afraid of Arizona Jake or any other man. Here goes for Wickedsburg and don't you forget it, Jennie; before I leave town I'll have found out all I want to know, but I'm going to leave you right here."

"To leave me! Why?"

"Would it do for you to be seen riding with a poor, ragged fellow like me? Wouldn't it attract attention to you, when, without me, you might pass on and no one notice you at all?"

"Perhaps you are right."

"Have you far to go?"

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A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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He's a spy!" heard them

She—Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger? He—Cool? Why, I shivered.

Teacher—now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing. Patsy—Yes'm. Teacher—Why? Patsy—'Cause you can't."

Jack—Is Charley a man to be trusted? Cholly—I'd trust him with my life. Jack—Oh, yes; I know. But would you trust him with five dollars?

Wickwire—These funny men would not see so much fun in doctors' bills if they had to pay a few. Dr. Bowles—Nor would they if they had to collect them.

Purse Proud Father—Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? Complacent Young Man—I could if I were contented with it, but I hope to give her something better.

Long—Have you forgotten that \$5 you borrowed of me some time ago? Short—Oh, no, I still

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No. 263

THE BOSS OF THE CAMP; Or, The Boy Who Was Never Afraid.

By R. T. EMMET



"Stop there, Jennie! Stop, or, by time, I'll put a bullet into you!" shouted one of the girl's pursuers, just as she gained the bridge. Harry pulled out his revolver and gave Bill a violent dig with his heels, which sent him bounding forward. The girl saw him coming and uttered a wild cry for help. "Come on!" shouted Harry. "Let them shoot if they dare!"

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The Boss of the Camp.

By R. T. EMMET.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAGGED BOY WHO WANTED WORK.

The sun was just setting over the mountains of Northern New Mexico when a boy of about eighteen years, mounted upon a half-starved Indian pony, rode up to the office of the North Star Mine.

He was tall, dark, and slightly built and his black, flashing eyes showed him to be a boy of determination; yet his appearance was anything but attractive, it must be allowed, for his clothes were mere rags, his feet bare and his hat just a bit of old felt which bore little resemblance to its former self; while, as for the horse, it had evidently seen its best days many years before the North Star Mine was opened on Badman's Creek.

Its bridle was simply a rope and the saddle an old bag, yet the boy dismounted with all the assurance of a New York stockholder come out to inspect the property, hitched his pony to a post and walked into the office with the air of a king.

"Do you want to hire a boy, sir?" he asked of Mr. Martin, the superintendent, who stood writing in a big book behind the high desk.

The superintendent involuntarily laid his hand upon a loaded revolver which lay on the desk beside him and peered out at the honest face which fearlessly met his searching gaze.

"No, I don't," he replied, shortly. "If you're a spy the quicker you get off these premises the better. Go back and tell those who sent you that Jack Martin is right here and means to stay here if he has to face a hundred men."

Any one could see astonishment written all over the face of the boy. Mr. Martin saw it now and repented of his hasty words.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, sir," said the boy. "Nobody sent me here."

"Are you sure?"

"Why, I ought to be. I'm nobody, although you seem to think I'm somebody. I suppose there is nothing criminal in a poor fellow like me asking for work?"

Mr. Martin laid down the revolver, and with an anxious glance through the office window, said:

"Perhaps I've made a mistake, boy. I am all alone here. There's a strike on in this mine."

"So I heard, sir; that's why I came up to ask for work."

"What's your name?"

"Harry Holloway, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"Hangtown, Arizona."

"Humph! A bad town."

"Used to be, but it has been better of late since Mr. Gibson took it in hand."

"That's that smart boy they've made mayor over there?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm told he came into town a mere tramp?"

"That's right, sir; he's one of the richest mine owners in the place now and he's a fighter, too. He's run all the bad men out of town."

"I wish some one would run the bad men out of this region, then," sighed Mr. Martin. "I said we had a strike here, but it isn't really a strike. The men simply demand protection from the toughs who have made themselves the pests of this neighborhood, and as I can't give it to them, they've all quit work and left me here alone. Boy, why did you leave Hangtown? What brings you over here?"

"Oh, it's a long story, sir. My father was killed in the mines and—well, he had a bad name and everybody is down on me on that account. I couldn't find anything to do there, so we just started off on the tramp, me and Bill—"

"Bill? You have some one with you, then?"

"Bill's my pony, sir. He's outside."

"Oh!"

"I should think if you were all alone you

might find some use for me, sir. I'll do anything and you can pay me whatever you like. As to the toughs, I've been bucking up against them ever since I was born. I'm not afraid."

Mr. Martin laid down the revolver which he had taken up again at the mention of Bill and came out from behind the desk.

"Is that a fact?" he asked. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not afraid of the notorious Arizona Jake?"

"I'm not afraid of any man who ever lived, sir," replied the boy with flashing eyes. "I see that you have thought of a job for me. Tell me what it is and I'll undertake it no matter how dangerous it may seem to you."

"You are certainly a plucky fellow," said Mr. Martin, reflectively, "but it seems almost like murder to ask you or any one else to do what I have in mind."

"Never mind that, sir. Just tell me what it is and I'll do it. I told you once before that I'm not afraid."

"Very well. Then go to Arizona Bill's hold-out down at Wickedburg, get in with the gang, find out what they mean to do and come back and let me know."

"That's a tough commission, Mr. Martin."

"Yes, tough in more senses than one. I thought you'd refuse."

"Then you thought wrong, because I'm going to accept."

"You'll do it?"

"I'll do my best. I was only thinking about—"

"What?"

"The pay."

"The North Star Mine will pay you well for any work you may do for them, young man."

"That sounds all right, but I've had something to do with these corporations before now. They sometimes forget."

"Well, then, how about me?"

"I'll trust your word, sir."

"All right. There's your job. It's a hundred for you when you come back here with any information of any value."

"That goes; and in the meantime—"

"In the meantime I stay right here. Arizona Jake has sworn to kill me and I shouldn't be at all surprised if he did it in the end, but I'm determined to die at my post."

"Is there any further information you want to give me, sir?"

"None."

"Whereabout in Wickedburg is the hold-out of Arizona Jake?"

"That you'll have to find out for yourself."

"I'll do it. I'm ready to start right now. There's one thing I want to ask for, though."

"Not money—I won't pay in advance, boy."

"And I have no idea of asking it. I have no revolver. I might need one."

"You will. Take this and here is a box of cartridges. I've got another."

"Thank you, sir," replied Harry, putting the revolver in his pocket. "Now I'll go."

He hastily left the office, unhitched Bill, and, vaulting lightly into the saddle, was off like a shot.

Mr. Martin watched him until he had turned the bluff which marked the entrance to Rocky Run and then went back into the office and shut the door.

"That boy is certainly plucky," he sighed. "It's a slim chance, but he may save me. I don't believe there is another man in New Mexico who wouldn't pull up stakes and light out if he found himself situated as I'm situated to-night."

Meanwhile Harry was urging Bill along Rocky Run with such speed as that antiquated animal was able to make. Bill always started off in fine shape, but the trouble was he soon relapsed into a walk, out of which neither whip nor spur could persuade him.

Harry knew his horse too well to have tried either, even if he had possessed them; he was perfectly well aware that his only chance of reaching Wickedburg, which was twenty miles away, before midnight was to let Bill have his own way.

It soon grew dark and the shadows fell particularly dense in Rocky Run, which

was a long, narrow canyon, with Badman's Creek running through it and lofty precipices towering on either side.

Harry had never been to Wickedburg, which fully bore out its somewhat singular name, as it was reckoned the worst town in New Mexico, and many declared that it was the worst in the entire far West.

It was quite a sizable place, too; there was a big quartz mill located on the creek there and its main street was lined with gambling houses, dance houses, liquor and concert saloons from one end to the other.

People who were in position to know declared that it was "a cold day" when at least one man was not shot in Wickedburg and very often it was two or three, or even more.

On one occasion this same Arizona Jake had shot down six men in cold blood and yet nothing was done about the matter.

Nobody dared to do anything, for Arizona Jake was the acknowledged boss of the town.

Now, Wickedburg lay in a deep hollow between the mountains about half a mile beyond the end of Rocky Run, and in order to approach it one had to cross Badger Canyon, which was a mere slit in the rocks about fifteen feet wide.

The trail here was high above Badman's Creek and where it was broken by Badger Canyon a rude bridge had been thrown across.

Just before Harry reached this bridge he was startled by hearing the clatter of horses' hoofs and he peered forward eagerly to see what it might mean.

The moon had now risen and its light struck down into the canyon, breaking the gloom to a considerable extent, and Harry saw a young girl mounted upon a mustang come suddenly dashing around a bend in the rocky wall, closely pursued by two men equally well mounted.

"Stop, there, Jennie! Stop, or, by time, I'll put a bullet into you!" shouted one just as the girl gained the bridge.

Harry pulled out his revolver and gave Bill a violent dig with his heels, which sent him bounding forward.

The girl saw him coming and uttered a wild cry for help.

"Come on!" shouted Harry. "Let them shoot if they dare!"

She dashed over the bridge, which bent under the weight of the horse.

The foremost man sped after her, threw up his revolver and fired.

The shot flew past the girl, and, as bad luck would have it; took poor Bill between the eyes, but not before Harry had returned the shot.

The next thing the boy from Hangtown knew he was flying over his horse's head.

Bill dropped dead in his tracks and Harry fell sprawling upon the trail almost under the hoofs of the girl's horse.

CHAPTER II.

HOW HARRY RAN UP AGAINST ARIZONA JAKE.

It was a dangerous moment for Harry Holloway, but, as the event proved, it was more for these two men who could find no more manly occupation than pursuing a helpless girl.

Harry's shot told. The foremost man, wounded in the shoulder, fell back from his horse and dropped on the trail, while the frightened animal dashed on, almost crowding the girl's horse over the edge of the precipice, but saving Harry's life, for otherwise his brains would have been trodden out by the horse's hoofs before he could spring to his feet, which he immediately did.

"Save me! Save me!" gasped the girl, reining in, and another shot came whirling up the canyon, fired by the second man, who, with a savage exclamation, urged his horse onto the bridge.

Suddenly there was a sharp, cracking sound, and, without other warning, the bridge gave way, carrying the horse and rider with it down into the canyon.

The man gave one yell of despair as he vanished from their sight into the depths a hundred feet and more down to the creek.

As for the wounded man, he sprang up and ran along the trail after his horse without saying a word and a moment later had vanished around the bend of the wall.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, how terrible!" exclaimed the girl, covering her face with her hands. "Do you think he is killed?"

"Hope so," said Harry. "What's it all about, miss?"

"They were after me," was the reply. "My name is Jennie Mills. I am the daughter of one of the foremen in the North Star Mine. Those men are two Wickedburg toughs. My father sent me to warn Mr. Martin, the superintendent, that they mean to attack the mine. In some way they must have found out what I intended to do, for the first thing I knew they were chasing me. They would have killed me, too, if it hadn't been for you."

"I guess they would," said Harry. "If that other fellow succeeds in catching his horse I shouldn't wonder if he would come back and try to do it now."

"Then I must go back to town."

"It's the best thing you can do. I've just come from Mr. Martin. He started me over to Wickedburg to see what I could find out about the intentions of the gang. If you have any message to send him I can take it, but how will you cross the break ahead?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Is your horse a good one on the jump?"

He's a splendid horse. I've seen him jump wider spaces than that, but I should not want to try it. I'm so sorry your horse is dead."

Harry was sorry, too. He could have cried when he thought of poor Bill, who had been his companion for years.

But this was no time for vain regrets.

Our boy from Hangtown was out for business and he eagerly questioned Jennie Mills as to what she knew about the movements of Arizona Jake's gang.

He might as well have saved himself the trouble, for her information amounted to nothing beyond the fact that an attack was contemplated upon the mine.

When or how it was to be attempted she did not know.

"This won't do," said Harry; "it was very brave of you to try to get over to the mine, miss, but Mr. Martin already knows all that you can tell him. I'll go back to Wickedburg with you, for I must find out more."

"Oh, if you only would," replied Jennie. "I'm afraid to push on now."

"How far is it into town?"

"Only a mile after you cross the bridge, but you needn't hope to accomplish anything, mister. A boy like you could never get into Arizona Jake's hold-out—oh, no!"

"Don't be so sure of that," laughed Harry; "and don't call me mister. I'm Harry Holloway. You can call me by my first name."

"They'll kill you, Harry. They'll kill you, sure."

"I'm not afraid. Something has got to be done. I've got to find out when they mean to attack the mine, and, what's more, I've got to get back and tell Mr. Martin. I wish you were not afraid to jump the broken bridge."

"I'm not with you."

"That so? Then that settles it. Here we go."

Harry sprang on the horse behind the girl and took the bridle out of her hand.

"Hold on tight, Jennie!" he cried. "We'll either get across or we'll die together, one of the two."

He dug his heels into the horse's flanks, yelling, "Get on there, boy! Get on!"

The horse instantly recognized his master. Where is the horse to be found which does not admire a rider who is not afraid?

Away they flew, covering the forty feet or so of the trail which separated them from the open space.

"Up! Up!" shouted Harry, for the critical moment had come.

The horse took the break nobly and caught the rocks with his fore feet.

There was one awful moment of suspense, when it seemed to Harry that they must surely slip down into the ravine and then the horse, scrambling to a sure footing on the trail, away they went dashing

down the hill, with the electric lights of Wickedsburg in full view before them and the lights of the different mines twinkling on the mountain slopes on all sides.

"That's Wickedsburg," said Jennie, "but, oh, Harry, what will become of us if Arizona Jake happens to be on the street? He knows what I went out of town for and he had just as soon kill us both as eat."

"Would he?" asked Harry. "Well, I'm not afraid of Arizona Jake or any other man. Here goes for Wickedsburg and don't you forget it, Jennie; before I leave town I'll have found out all I want to know, but I'm going to leave you right here."

"To leave me! Why?"

"Would it do for you to be seen riding with a poor, ragged fellow like me? Wouldn't it attract attention to you, when, without me, you might pass on and no one notice you at all?"

"Perhaps you are right."

"Have you far to go?"

"No, not very. I turn down the first side street; my father's house is right there."

"I'll watch," said Harry, slipping off the horse. If any one attacks you I shall be on hand."

Jennie rode on more slowly and Harry hurried along the board walk past saloons, with their flashing colored lights, past concert halls with their braying bands inside the screen doors; past gambling houses, where the click of the faro chips could be distinctly heard and past a few stores where honest business was carried on, but it was getting late now and these were closed.

Jennie had just come opposite to Mike Cunningham's saloon—one of the most notorious in Wickedsburg—when three men came tumbling out shouting and yelling and evidently pretty well under the influence of Mike's whisky, which was said to be none of the best.

They were big fellows, all three of them, and dressed in the usual style of the region, with big slouch hats and belts stuck full of revolvers.

"Say, by gosh, you can carve me up, Jake, if that haint Mills' daughter back again!" sang out one of the trio, catching sight of Jennie just then.

Mike Cunningham had two big electric lights in front of his place and there was a third strung across the middle of the street, which made it as bright as day, hence there was no difficulty in Harry seeing all that went on.

Suddenly all three toughs made a bolt into the middle of the road, ready to head Jennie off.

One caught the horse's bridle as it came up and the crowd on the sidewalk stood, watching anxiously, when they saw the ragged boy rush down the road, whipping out a shining revolver as he went.

"Drop that bridle! Don't lay a hand on that girl!" shouted Harry, covering his man like a flash.

"Who the blazes are you?" cried the man, turning on him. "Do you know that you've run up against Arizona Jake?"

CHAPTER III.

CORNERED IN DYBALL'S.

Did Harry guess who he had run up against?

Had he the least idea that the man who stood covered by his revolver was the notorious tough, Arizona Jake?

He neither knew nor cared.

It was simply that for once in his life Jake had struck a person who was not afraid of him.

Anybody else would have been shot instantly, but at the sight of this courageous boy the outlaw hesitated and that hesitation came near costing him his life.

One of his companions had slipped alongside of Harry, and, quick as lightning—it was all done in a second, so to speak—he threw up his revolver and fired straight at the head of Arizona Jake.

The shot would have killed the outlaw to a certainty if Harry, with equal quickness, had not knocked up the man's hand with the revolver, which he should have used to defend himself.

And as he did it there was a report and a flash and the man dropped dead, leaving the boy from Hangtown and Arizona Jake facing each other, while Jennie, her bridle free at last, dashed off to freedom down the street.

Harry stood like one paralyzed.

The third man ran for his life, the crowd on both sidewalks scattered.

They knew Arizona Jake and expected to see some tall pistoning done then.

They were mistaken.

Harry threw up his revolver and covered the outlaw the instant the man dropped.

But the movement was not necessary.

"Put up that thar shooting iron, young feller," drawled Jake; "you haint got nothing more to fear from me. I'm a squar man, I am; I don't bore holes in no feller what saves my life."

"I've got no growl with you, now, anyhow," said Harry, coolly. "I didn't want to see a lady interfered with—that's all."

"That's all right, too. Ef you'd minded yer own business you wouldn't never have run up against me. Come on, now, I love the feller, man or boy, who dar's to stand up agin Arizona Jake."

He gave the dead man a savage kick as he spoke, and, clutching Harry's arm, drew him away to the sidewalk.

There was no one to interfere with them. The crowd had scattered and those who were passing along the street paid no attention to them—they didn't dare!

In Wickedsburg it is both law and gospel for every man to mind his own business.

Harry was trying to mind his.

Who the dead man was he did not know nor did he ever learn except that until that moment, when he turned on him, the outlaw believed him to be his friend.

"I've got in with the very man I want to know," thought Harry; "if I work him right this may be the very thing; at all events, I'm not afraid."

Jake, avoiding Cunningham's, led the way into Milligan's dance house next door. It was a rough place. At the back was a small stage where cheap variety shows sometimes performed, but now there were only two men seated upon it, one hammering away for dear life on an old tin pan of a piano, while the other tortured a squeaky fiddle.

To the sounds which came forth from both of these instruments—it would be a disgrace to call it music—some twenty couples were dancing.

There were also a good many other men and women sitting at tables drinking, smoking and talking.

Yes, Milligan's dance house was decidedly a rough shop, and many were the shooting scrapes which had taken place there, but it was all quiet enough that night.

Jake strode to the bar and turned down a tumbler half full of whisky.

"You don't want nothing to drink boy, I s'pose?" he said.

"No," replied Harry. "I don't care for anything."

"You're right. Milligan's bug juice is not the sort of stuff for kids like you. Come on, now. I want to have a talk."

He led the way past the stage into a private room, where there were a number of men playing cards, and sat down opposite Harry at a table.

"Say, kid, who be you?" he asked. "I want to know your name?"

"Harry Holloway, sir."

"Don't sir me. I'm no more used to it than I am to a billed shirt or a plug hat. You can call me Jake if you call me anything. Whar yer from?"

"Hangtown, Arizona."

"Hangtown be hanged. It uster be good up thar afore that feller Gibson got hold of the town, but it's no good for anybody now. What brought you down here?"

"Oh, my father died and I couldn't get anything to do. I've been on the tramp ever since."

"You look it. Got any dust?"

"Not a cent."

"And them's your Sunday togs?"

"They are all I've got."

"Huh! Hungry?"

"I haven't eaten a morsel since yesterday morning," replied Harry, which was quite true.

"Well, well, well! That's a blame fine state of affairs!" cried Jake, and he began pounding on the table hard, which soon brought in a white-aproned waiter.

"Bring a big beefsteak and inyun and lots of fried pertaters and bread for this boy, Jim," he said. "You can give him all he wants to eat and charge it to me," and then, after the waiter was gone, he added:

"I'll get you some clothes to-morrow, Harry, but for to-night I'd rather you'd remain looking as you are, for I want you to do something for me."

"I'll do anything I can for you," replied Harry. "You're very kind to me; but I oughtn't to let you spend your money so."

"Never you mind that," was the reply; "see you later. I've got something else to do just now. Don't you go away from here till I come back—now mind."

Harry was touched, there was no denying it. He had been brought up in a rough school himself, and the fact that this man was a murderer did not have the same effect on him that it would have done with a tenderfoot fresh from the States.

He ate his beefsteak and enjoyed it, but at the same time he did not forget his mission. What he had agreed to do he proposed should be done.

But how to do it was the question. The evening wore on quietly enough. There was a good deal of loud talking among the card players, but no positive disturbance.

Harry finished his dinner and sat for over an hour waiting, but still Jake did not return.

He was just about to give it up and start to leave the place when suddenly a shrill whistle sounded in the alley behind.

The card players threw down their cards and all sprang to their feet.

Harry was up, too, and started to go out by the front way, but found the door locked.

The men meanwhile had opened a door in the rear and one of them called to Harry to come on.

"No," said the boy. "I've got nothing to do with you. I'm going to stay here."

"The blazes you are!" cried the man, springing forward, and before Harry understood what was coming he caught him by the throat, swung him around and ran

him out through the door into the alley, where there were a number of horses ready saddled.

"You're going with us, young feller!" the man growled out. "Don't you kick, now, or it will be the worse for you. Them's Jake's orders and they've got to be obeyed."

Harry calmed down on the instant.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"None of your business. Get on that thar horse."

"But Jake ordered me to stay here till he came back."

"You do as you're told or by the great horn spoon I'll drop you!" snarled the fellow, whipping out his revolver.

But Harry was not to be handled that way, as the man very soon found out.

Quick as he was to draw, Harry was quicker, and, what's more, he fired, and then, without waiting to see the effect, he ran for his life down the alley, followed by a dozen shots.

"Don't let the boy escape! He's a spy!" shouted some one, and Harry heard them in full chase behind him.

He realized his danger fully.

Turning, he fired again and sprang through a half-open doorway and then dashed through another door, which he flung open and found himself in a brilliantly lighted room crowded with men.

Instantly Harry knew that he had made a mistake.

The place was a gambling saloon—Dyball's; one of the most noted in town.

Here there was a faro bank in full operation, three of them, in fact, with a crowd of players about each.

On the side of the room nearest the door was a roulette table with half a dozen or more rough miners grouped around it, all eagerly watching the spinning of the wheel, while the whole length of the side opposite was taken up by a bar, which also had its crowd, of course.

In fact, there must have been as many as fifty people gathered in Dyball's, and when young Harry Holloway, of Hangtown, came bursting into the room all eyes were upon him in an instant.

His ragged clothes and excited manner were enough for that.

"Get out of here!" shouted the bartender, making a shy at him with a tumbler.

"I'm being chased!" shouted Harry; "don't let them kill me, gentlemen! I'm only a poor boy!"

"Crack! Bang! Crash!"

Things were lively enough in Dyball's now.

Through the back door half a dozen toughs came bursting.

Shots were fired as the door banged back and one striking the big mirror behind the bar shattered it into a thousand pieces; the crash might have been heard across the street.

One of the shots narrowly missed Harry's head.

The toughs were rushing for him; there was nothing for him but to defend himself the best he could.

Hardly knowing why he did it, Harry pushed aside the astonished gamblers and jumped up upon one of the faro tables.

This gave him the advantage of being able to fire down at his enemies and yet made him a conspicuous mark.

But the boy's courage seemed to rise as the danger of his situation increased.

"Come on and take me!" he shouted, flourishing his revolver. "I come from Arizona, where bad men grow. I can hold my own with any man on earth!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Another New Story in No. 265. Title will be announced next week.

Now that hydrogen has been liquefied, there seems to be no more worlds to conquer in that special direction. It was a remarkable coincidence that the first public exhibition of this latest wonder was made in connection with the centenary of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Professor Dewar, in opening the exhibition, spoke of liquid hydrogen as a new instrument of research, which it eminently is by virtue of the extremely low temperature at which alone it can exist, and which low temperature it, by its presence or contact, enables other substances approximately to reach. The liquid was exhibited in a state of gentle ebullition in a vacuum tube immersed in liquid air, the latter serving to impede the access of the heat. The hydrogen is a transparent liquid and, besides being the coldest, is also the lightest liquid known. A cork drops immediately to the bottom of it. At the bottom of the vessel containing the liquid there appeared a whitish substance, which was, in fact, solid air, or air ice. It is impossible to avoid the air ice in the bottom of the vessel, as the air at the surface of the liquid is, by the intense cold, condensed, liquefied and subsequently solidified, and, being so much heavier than the hydrogen, it sinks and accumulates at the bottom. To show that the liquid was really hydrogen a light was applied to a small quantity, which at once burst into brilliant flame. Solids immersed in the liquid long enough to attain the same temperature were, upon being taken out, covered with liquid air, which would run down and drop off.

A Little Fun.

She—Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger? He—Cool? Why, I shivered.

Teacher—now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing. Patsy—Yes'm. Teacher—Why? Patsy—'Cause you can't."

Jack—Is Charley a man to be trusted? Cholly—I'd trust him with my life. Jack—Oh, yes; I know. But would you trust him with five dollars?

Wickwire—These funny men would not see so much fun in doctors' bills if they had to pay a few. Dr. Bowles—Nor would they if they had to collect them.

Purse Proud Father—Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? Complacent Young Man—I could if I were contented with it, but I hope to give her something better.

Long—Have you forgotten that \$5 you borrowed of me some time ago? Short—Oh, no; I still have it in mind. Long—Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?

"Your husband needs rest, madam," said the doctor; "he is working too hard. I know it, doctor," said the wife; "but it's all in a good cause. If he is working himself to death it is to keep up his life insurance."

Johnson—Aren't you afraid that when your daughter comes home from college she will know more than you do? Jackson—She thinks she does now. That's just why we are sending her away, to have her learn how little she really does know.

"Yes, the prosperity of the town is all due to Dr. Sulzer. He discovered the mineral spring and built the sanitarium. He laid out the principal streets and superintended the erection of the public buildings. He filled the old reservoir and made a park out of it." "What a large cemetery!" "Yes, he filled that, too."

Ethelberta—I want a pair of slippers for pa—number tens, please, and—squeaky. Genial Shoemaker—Squeaky, miss? I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind. Ethelberta—I'm so sorry. Couldn't you make him a squeaky pair? There is a certain young gentleman who visits me frequently, and—and it would be very convenient for him to know just when pa is coming downstairs.

Interesting Items.

Horace Spade, a farmer living three miles south of Portland, Ind., had a novelty of baked apples on trees on August 24, but it was rather expensive. A young man living in the immediate vicinity had started a fire in some underbrush, and with the very dry weather the flames spread and communicated to Mr. Spade's orchard. Fifty-nine trees were burned, and the apples on them were baked to the very topmost branches.

Scientific men are recommending the electric light bath. It is free from the exhausting effects of Turkish baths and is soothing to sore muscles and joints. Nervous headache yields to this treatment, and the bath is of great benefit to persons of sedentary habits, such as teachers, doctors, lawyers and professional men generally. Combined with a cold shower, it is said the electric light bath is positively rejuvenating.

The making of shark oil is the important industry of McGarvin's cove, near Riverside, Cal. The process of manufacture is decidedly primitive. The sharks are caught in every imaginable way, by bait and hook, but principally with the seine. The livers, which contain the oil, after being taken from the fish, are rendered out in cans set over a brush fire, reminding one somewhat of the process of obtaining the oil from whale blubber. The oil is then put into casks and shipped to Los Angeles. The coarser grades are used in the making of tarpaulins and other oiled cloths for use aboard ships, while the finer grades are put into the so-called cod liver oil of commerce. The sharks average from 10 to 25 cents worth of oil apiece, and a day's catch usually nets about \$40.

A number of electric lamps of various sizes and shapes have been patented and are instructed by an electrical engineer in Vienna. These lamps come in the shape of bottles, clocks, opera glasses, in fact, any desired shape, but are all constructed after the same principle. The neck of this bottle contains a small battery, in which three pairs of platinum and zinc elements of the smallest possible size are concealed. This battery has a six-volt tension and furnishes a current of from four to five ampere intensity. A minute incandescent lamp is connected with the poles of the battery, and protected by a knob of cut glass, the lower part of which is silvered and acts as a reflector. The body of the bottle contains the reservoir, in which a fluid, which is furnished by the inventor of the apparatus, is kept. When the light is to be used the top containing the battery is unscrewed, and the bottle is filled.

The Coward.

He wasn't afraid to cheat,
He wasn't afraid to swear,
And he wouldn't have been afraid to meet
The panther in its lair.

He wasn't afraid to ride
On the fastest trains that ran;
He wasn't afraid of the foamy tide
Or the laws of God or man.

He wasn't afraid to lie,
Nor to win when he had the deal;
When he knew no one was around to spy
He wasn't afraid to steal.

He scoffed at the Christian's prayers
When the sun was high and bright,
But the fool was afraid to go downstairs
Alone in the dark at night.

Out To-day! "SNAPS." No. 1 contains
the great comic story, "Tommy Bounce,
the Family Mischief." By Peter Pad.
Price 5 cents.

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

YOUNG Admiral Dewey

OR,

The Rival Steamboats of Long Lake.

By FRANK FORREST,
Author of "Dick, the Half-Breed," "In Eb-
ony Land," "In Peril of Pontiac," "Steve
and the Spanish Spies," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWS OF THE STOLEN CASH BOX AT LAST.

Young Admiral Dewey knew exactly what he was about when he jumped overboard from the Maine.

As we have before stated, there was no better swimmer in Professor Francis' Academy than George Dewey, and on this occasion all the boy wanted was to get into the water to consider himself safe.

The shot fired by Mac flew harmlessly over George's feet and an instant later the boy had vanished under the water.

Mac rushed to the rail shouting to his companions to "look after Foxy."

He stood with his revolver ready watching for George to rise again. But he watched in vain, for the moments passed and George did not reappear.

Now, perhaps Mac got the idea in his head about that time that George was drowned, but if he did he was never more mistaken.

It would have been difficult to drown George Dewey in Long Lake or anywhere else, but the boy was in some trouble just the same.

George never took a deeper dive in all his life, and after he got down as far as he could go, he started to swim under water with the idea of coming up out of sight of the steamer.

He stood it just as long as he could, and then let himself come up and was terribly frightened when his head struck against the rocks and he found himself still under water.

It was a situation which he had never anticipated and one which gave him a worse scare than he had ever experienced before.

He struck out wildly, madly and without the least thought of where he was going to bring up, but his usually good luck was with him, for the first thing he knew his feet were on the sand and his head out of water, but the rocks were still above his head.

It at once flashed across George that he was in some sort of cave under the Hawk, which did not strike him as strangely as it might have done, for he remembered hearing an old farmer once say that such a cave existed.

He scrambled on and in a minute found himself out of the water altogether, standing in total darkness, but out of all danger.

Here he sank down upon the damp sand quite exhausted, and it was some time before he moved.

While he lay there he could hear the loud voices of Mac and his companions outside the cave, but he could not make out what they were saying. A little later he heard the Maine moving off from the island, and after that all was still.

"They think I am dead," pondered George. "They've given it up and are on the move. I've got to get on the move, too, but what to do I'm sure I don't know. I never was more puzzled in my life."

This was true enough, but any one who has followed the career of Young Admiral Dewey in later years knows well that he could never have been the sort of boy to sit down idly and wait for something to turn up.

George at once began to grope his way

about in the darkness and he had hardly started when he suddenly heard a sound which brought him to a sudden halt.

It was a deep groan.

While he stood listening he heard it again and again.

"Who's there? Who's there?" cried George, crowding down the feeling of fear which would come in spite of all he could do.

The groaning instantly ceased and presently a voice called out:

"Who's in the cave? Who is it that spoke?"

"Who are you and where are you?" cried George, determined not to expose himself until he knew with whom he had to deal.

"Is that you, George Dewey?" called the voice.

"Who are you, I say?" cried George. "I want you to speak your name."

"Foxy. Oh, Dewey, help me or I'm a goner! I'm terribly injured by the explosion. Help me and I'll tell you all."

This was enough. The mystery was explained now.

"Tell me how to get to you, Charley!" cried George. "I'll help you if you are in trouble, though I believe it is more than you'd do for me."

"No," was the answer. "You are entirely mistaken. You saved my life, George Dewey, and I don't forget it. I would do a great deal more for you than you suppose. First of all, you have got to have a light. There is a lantern there somewhere if you can only find it. Have you got matches?"

"Yes, but they are all wet. They won't light. I've tried them."

"Never mind. Listen. Find the wall of the cave."

"I'm against it now."

"Very good. Follow it around and keep your other hand out; sooner or later you will strike a barrel. Stop there and feel around at the base of the wall and you will find a lantern standing. There's a box there, too, and there are matches in it. Then you can light the lantern and it will be all right."

As may well be believed, it did not take George long to carry out these orders. He found the barrel before he had advanced half a dozen yards and all the rest followed. As he flashed the lantern about he saw that he was in a sizable cave. There were several barrels and boxes scattered about and three or four old blankets lay in a heap near the wall. The box contained a few cooking utensils and there was a supply of provisions, too—a ham, a few cans of vegetables, a bag of coffee and other things.

"This is the hold-out of the gang," thought George, and he immediately started out to look for young Foxy.

There was no trouble about it. The voice guided him. In a moment he came upon the boy lying at an entrance to a narrow passage which led off under the rocks.

He was wet and dirty and his trousers were all covered with blood.

The sight called out an exclamation of dismay from George, who thought, as he looked at him, that he had a dying boy on his hands.

"Charley Fox!" he exclaimed. "Well, has it come to this?"

The boy half raised himself and extended his hand for George to help him.

"Yes, it has come to this, George," he said, sadly, "but you are entirely mistaken. I'm not Charley Fox. I'm his twin brother, Jim, and I'm no good and never was. Help me, George, and I promise you I'll try to turn over a new leaf."

"Why, of course I'll help you," replied George, seizing his hand with a firm grip and raising him up. "No matter how bad you have been I wouldn't turn my back on you and leave you so."

Tears came into the boy's eyes as George helped him to get his back against the wall.

"Thank you," he said. "I don't deserve it, but you will lose nothing by it. I'm the thief who stole the cash box on the Maine that night, George Dewey, and I'll tell you where to put your hand on it; get me away from here, then, if you are able to do it. I'd rather confess all and be sent back to the reform school than to fall into the hands of those miserable scoundrels again."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SINKING OF THE SKOWHEGAN.

What was the matter on board the Skowhegan?

The boys all knew that Ned Carleton was not the fellow to fly off the handle without good cause, and the result was that all made a rush for the rail and all except Charley Fox jumped into the lake without an instant's delay.

Perhaps Charley would have followed them if he had been on the deck with the rest, for he was not noted for his courage by any means.

But Charley had the wheel and he hesitated for a moment.

Suddenly there was a report like a cannon and the whole steamer was shaken violently, while a mass of broken wood flew skyward amidships, followed instantly by a rush of steam.

The boiler had exploded, of course, and

the Skowhegan immediately began to settle in the water.

Of course also Charley Fox was about as badly scared as a boy could be, but for all that he displayed a degree of cool-headedness which, as he came to think the situation over afterward, actually surprised himself.

Finding himself unharmed, the boy went right to work.

"Jump, Charley! Jump and save yourself!" shouted Bob Fowler from the lake. "The steamer is a goner. She'll be at the bottom in two shakes!"

"I'm a-coming when I get ready," replied Charley, and instead of jumping he made a rush for the bow boat and deliberately lowered it into the water.

"Some of you fellows get hold of the boat!" he shouted. "Don't wait for me! Pull away from the steamer or you'll be carried down in the swirl!"

Bob and Ned were nearest to the boat and they helped the others in.

Meanwhile Charley jumped clear of the sinking steamer and struck out boldly for the boat. Just as he reached it the Skowhegan sank out of sight.

Poor Charley buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"There goes my poor steamer!" he groaned. "Oh, it's a shame! What did it? I thought you knew how to run an engine, Ned Carleton, or I never would have consented to let you take hold."

"Well, I suppose I am to blame," replied Ned, sadly, "but it wasn't altogether my doings, either. Some one must have run the water all out of the boiler and then turned the stopcock. I took it for granted that there was plenty of water and never discovered my mistake until it began to crack."

It was the work of those scoundrels who have got such a hold on my poor brother," sobbed Charley. "Never mind, Ned. I don't blame you. Their idea was to blow up the Skowhegan so that we couldn't follow them—there isn't any doubt about that."

"Don't you worry about the steamboat, Charley," said Ned. "My father is a rich man. He'll make it good to the Werts, but there's just one thing to be considered about all this, if we fellows, instead of always fighting and squabbling as we have been, had only been friendly none of these things would have ever happened. You must admit that's so."

"I do admit it," replied Charley. "It is so. Well, it can't be helped now. All I'm worrying about is George Dewey. The case is far more serious than you suppose."

"I don't need anybody to tell me that," said Ned. "We don't seem to be going anywhere in particular just now, but what we want to do is to pull straight to the Hawk."

"As fast as ever we can," echoed Charley. "Never mind the wet clothes, boys. It's a warm night and a wetting won't do us a bit of harm. It is just as Ned says. If we fellows of the rival schools had shown a little more confidence in each other this wouldn't have happened. It's all my fault, when you come to look at it that way. I never let on about my brother. He looks just like me, fellows. We are twins. He robbed father and ran away from home when he was only ten years old. He's been in a dozen scrapes since then. He's been in the reform school, and—"

"Ahem!" cried Jim Martin. "Gentlemen, I move that Charley Fox be requested to keep his mouth shut about his family affairs."

"Second the motion," cried Ned.

"It's a vote," said Bob Fowler. "Charley, there's no use in you saying any more."

"I only want to say this," answered Charley, "and I owe it to you all to do it. There isn't the least doubt that my brother Jim stole that money box from the cabin of the Maine. I saw him the next day in Brownsville and he gave me twenty-five dollars. He owed me a lot, boys. I've often let him have money; I wondered at the time how he got hold of so much money and I might have guessed that it was in some crooked way. Now I know."

"Did you deposit that money with Joe Wertman?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"Why, yes, I did. Why do you ask?"

Then Ned told the whole story. There was no longer any mystery about the ten dollar bill.

Meanwhile the boys were pulling rapidly toward the Hawk.

Before they came in sight of the island they heard a distant explosion and while they were still wondering what it could mean Jim Martin spied the Maine coming around the point of land which shut out the Hawk from their view.

"There's the steamer!" cried Charley, "but she isn't heading this way."

"She's striking straight over toward the mill village," added Ned. "We must follow her, or perhaps they've left George on the Hawk."

Here was a dilemma.

Was Young Admiral Dewey on board the Maine still or had he been left behind?

"We can't do both," declared Charley, after considerable talk. "I say let's follow the steamer; there's some crooked business in the wind sure, and the best way to find out what it is must certainly be to keep right on their track."

By the time they came to this decision

the Maine was half across the lake heading for the cove where George and Ned had been attacked, but she was too far off to enable the boys to get the least idea who was in the wheel house. Even if it had been daylight it is doubtful if they would have been able to tell.

"It will take us a good half hour to get over there to the cave," sighed Charley, "and there is no telling what devilry may be done before we can come up with them, still there is nothing for it but to keep on."

Everybody agreed to this and the rowing was kept up vigorously.

They saw the Maine pull into the cove and as she did not come out again they could only assume that she had been tied up there, and it was just about this time that Ned made another discovery, which he announced by a loud shout.

"Look, fellows! Look! There comes another boat pulling over from the Hawk," he cried.

Certainly the Hawk stood out in plain sight in the light of the rising moon now, but it was by no means sure that the small boat, rowed by a single figure, which all saw plainly came from the island.

"We had better lay on our oars till we know what this means," declared Ned, and the others agreeing, they waited.

"There's two fellows in the boat!" exclaimed Charley, as it drew nearer. "One of them is lying down in the stern."

"That's so, as sure as you live," said Ned, "and upon my word the fellow who is rowing looks like George."

Nearer still drew the boat and then the solitary rower looked around.

"George! George!" shouted Ned, suddenly springing up in the boat and waving his hat. "Oh, it's George!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROBBERS AT THE MILL.

There was vigorous pulling now, you may depend.

Ned started the school cry, in which Jim and Charley Bulger joined, and the answer came back promptly over the lake.

It was Young Admiral Dewey fast enough, and he shouted out to know who the boys in the boat were, rowing with all his might.

There was lots of calling back and forth then as the boats approached each other, but Charley Fox grew strangely silent when Jim Martin shouted out:

"Who's there in the boat with you, George?"

"Tell you later," was the reply. "Is Charley Fox there?"

"Yes, answered Ned, and after that George said no more until the boats came together.

Once glance at the boy who lay stretched out with his head pillowed on a blanket which had been doubled up on the stern seat told the boys that they were in the presence of Charley's twin brother.

It was not necessary to wait until Charley exclaimed, bitterly:

"Oh, Jim! What have you been up to now? Why didn't you go away from here when you promised to? Then you might have spared me all this."

"Don't say anything to him, Foxy," spoke up George. "He is half dead as it is. No, fellows, don't you ask me for my story, for we've got to hustle. Answer my questions and leave me to explain later on."

Charley Fox took the hint and relapsed into silence; as for his brother, he never said a word.

"Where's the Skowhegan?" demanded George, eagerly. "Why didn't you come out in her?"

"The Skowhegan is at the bottom of the lake," replied Ned. "That's my work."

"No," said Jim Fox, in a suppressed voice; "it's mine, and Charley turned his head away and groaned."

"We thought as much," said Young Admiral Dewey. "You fellows came out to look for me, I suppose?"

"We did," said Ned. "If you would just let me speak a word, George, I—"

"Later! Later!" cried George. "Where's the Maine? Have you seen her? Answer me that."

"Why, there she is!" answered Ned. "Don't you see her stern over there in the cove?"

"It's just as you said," remarked George, looking at Jim Fox. "Boys, we've got to hustle. There's going to be an attempt made to crack the safe in the mill office to-night and it is for us to prevent it and capture these scoundrels if we can. There's only three of them and there are six of us. If we can only get there in time we may be able to head them off. We must do it, for if we don't the Maine will follow the Skowhegan to the bottom of the lake. Pull, now! Pull for all you are worth!"

There was some vigorous rowing done after this startling statement on Young Admiral Dewey's part, you may depend.

As they flew along George did enough talking to explain the situation to his companions, but all that we need go into is to state that it was Jim Fox who had exposed the burglars' plans and told George where to find the small boat after our hero had helped him out of the cave by a passage which led into the Oven.

Jim Fox had explained also that the dropping of the dynamite was purely an accident and that when Mac came ashore he ordered him to crawl into the cave and stay there until their return without even stopping to find out how badly he was hurt.

And, indeed, the unfortunate boy was pretty badly wounded, for his left leg had been torn and bruised to such an extent that he was quite unable to stand, but he bore up bravely and declared that all he wanted now was to see his evil companions brought to justice and that then he meant to turn over a new leaf and try to lead a better life.

As for the stolen cash box, Young Admiral Dewey exhibited this to his companions as soon as he began to talk.

It had been buried in the cave and Jim Fox showed him where to find it.

About a hundred dollars of the money proved to be missing, but the rest was there intact.

Such was the situation when the boats cautiously pulled into the cove where the Maine lay.

In spite of the fact that neither of the burglars understood anything about steering the steamboat, they seemed to have been able to get her over across the lake all right.

There was no sign of them now, however, when the boys landed at a point where the boats could be hidden by a clump of bushes.

"If they are not on board they have gone to the mill," declared Jim Fox. "Leave me where I am, boys, and hustle right up there. Look out for yourselves, though. They are armed and they won't hesitate to shoot."

"Trust us!" exclaimed George. "We are two to one and if we don't get the best of them I'll know the reason why. Charley Fox, will you stay and look out for your brother, or—"

"No," broke in Charley, promptly. "This is my work to a certain extent and I'm going with the rest of you. You can't leave me behind."

"Come on, then," said Young Admiral Dewey, and he led his little force up the hill into the woods.

A few moments later they reached the road and went hurrying on toward the mill.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Don't fail to try for one of those \$500.00 Pianos we are giving away. See 16th page.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Young Frank Reade And His Electric Airship; OR, A 10,000 MILE SEARCH FOR A MISSING MAN.

By "NONAME."

Author of "Wrecked at the Pole," "Frank Reade Jr. in Cuba," "Six Weeks in the Moon," "Two Continents," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HUT ON THE PLAIN.

As Larry thus appeared on the scene, covered with blood and fainting, Young Frank Reade realized that his suspicion of the presence of a hidden foe aboard the airship were correct.

His first move was to kneel down and lift Larry's head. It required but a moment for him to see that the young Celt was not fatally injured.

The wound was a scalp cut and the faintness only transient. Indeed, that moment Larry opened his eyes and regained his senses.

He scrambled to his knees and glared wildly about him.

"Be me sowl, Mither Frank," he cried. "The devil himself is wid us. Shure it's an awful crack he give me on the head, bad cess to him."

"What happened, Larry?" asked the boy inventor. "Tell me about it."

"Shure, sor. I went into the afther cabin whin I saw some wan in front of me, an' shure I axed him his business. On that he struck me wid some heavy instrument on the head, sor, an' here I am."

"Where is Scipio?"

At this moment a figure slid across the deck.

"Here I is, Marse Frank."

"Well," cried Young Frank, resolutely. "We will find the stowaway pretty quick. Larry, stay here with Miss Grace and Kate. Scipio, you come with me."

The young inventor produced an electric pocket lantern and started to enter the after cabin. Scipio followed him.

Into the cabin they went, but not a sign of any living being was to be seen. The search was then extended.

From one end of the airship to the other it went. Hours were consumed, but all in vain.

Not a further trace of the unknown stow-

away could be found. It did not seem possible that he could be longer on board. Every crack and crevice even was searched.

But plenty of evidence was found that such a being had existed on board the airship. The remains of many a meal pilfered from Scipio's larder were found in the hold of the Polar Star.

The thief himself, however, had either left the airship or he was possessed of the remarkable faculty of making himself invisible. He certainly was not on board.

After a time the quest was abandoned. It was a mystery what had become of the unknown. Had he thrown himself overboard?

The voyagers went to the rail and looked over. Below was the vast expanse of snow and hills. But though the search-light was employed, no sign of living being could be seen.

"Be me sowl!" cried Larry. "It's funny phwat became av the omadhawn. Shure it was no ghost as cud give me such a crack on ther skull."

"Golly! Yo' needn't be too suah, honey," said Scipio, rolling his eyes. "Dere am no tellin' about dat. Ghosts kin handle clubs jes' as well as yo' an' I kin."

"Arrah, go on wid yez!" retorted Larry. "It's sthuck on ghosts yez are! Shure av yez had been in my place yez wud moighty quick have seen the difference."

"Ghost or not, he has fooled us!" declared Young Frank. "I'd like to get a look at the fellow."

"Have you any idea who he can be?" asked Grace with interest.

"Not the slightest," replied Frank.

"I have," said Kate, quietly.

Both Frank and Grace turned with a start. They were surprised.

"You have?" asked the boy inventor with interest. "What can it be?"

"You may be sure it is logical," declared Grace, with a smile. "Kate seldom advances anything that is not."

"You are very generous to say that, Grace," laughed Kate. "Well, seriously, I have an idea that the rascal hidden aboard this airship was that villain Luke Spencer."

This statement created a sensation. The idea had once suggested itself to Frank, but he had repelled it as highly improbable. However, second thought now put a different face on the matter.

The voyagers all looked at each other for some moments in silence. Then Grace said:

"I believe Kate is right." "Golly!" exclaimed Scipio. "I don't see how he eber got abo'd dis airship nohow. An' den if he did, how did he eber git off agin?"

This was a conundrum. Larry scratched his head in perplexity. Young Frank Reade said, simply:

"Kate, your theory is certainly worth considering. Every clue must be sifted." All this while the Polar Star had been steadily sailing over the snow-capped summits of the range of mountains. The searchlight's rays shot far down upon the glistening white waste.

The quest for the unknown aboard the airship was perforce abandoned. But all now kept an eye open on all sides, particularly Larry and Scipio. There was little sleep during the rest of the night for any.

Grace and Kate went to their stateroom and retired. But Young Frank remained on deck with Larry and Scipio until day broke in the east.

When the darkness disappeared it was seen that the snowy wastes were giving way to forests of fir. Far beyond was open country of a bare and desolate character.

The airship now descended gently from its chilly attitude, until it was sailing over an arid plain, which was cut with a network of streams, all flowing eventually into one large river which ran to the northward.

"Ah!" cried Young Frank Reade. "Here is an ideal country for the placer miner. In the beds of all these streams gold should be washed in plenty."

"Begorra, I'd loike to be a miner meself," cried Larry. "Shure, I believe I cud foind a fortune av I had the chance."

"Huh!" sniffed Scipio, contemptuously. "Wha' does yo' know about gold mining, anyhow? Yo' neber tried it."

"Begorra, I'd show yez if I was down there," retorted Larry. "Shure, Mither Frank, yez ougter thry yer hand at gold huntin'."

The idea of testing the black sands of these rivers had occurred to Young Frank already. He turned to Kate and Grace, who had just come on deck.

"What do you think, girls?" he cried, gaily. "Would you like to be Klondikers in real earnest?"

"Do you mean to dig for gold?" asked Grace. "Oh, that would be jolly."

"Let us try it by all means!" cried Kate. This settled it. Young Frank gave the order to Larry and the airship began to descend. Below was a great sandbar in one of the streams. The Polar Star settled down upon this.

That they were in the heart of the Forsaken Land Young Frank felt sure. He knew that it could do no harm to indulge in a little prospecting for gold. It might lead to a clue as to the whereabouts of the missing man, for whom they were in quest, for somewhere in this particular locality

the prospecting party of which he was a member must have spent some time.

All alighted upon the sandbar save Scipio, who was left on board to guard against the possibility of the airship taking leave of them sans ceremony. Then the quest for the yellow metal was begun.

Frank dug up some sand and water in a pan and gently shook it, allowing the sand to flow slowly with the water over the edge. The small particles of gold, being heavier than the granules of gravel, of course settled to the bottom of the pan and soon began to show there.

After some while quite a little quantity of the "dust" was washed out in this way. However, it was found that the deposit was not of a very paying kind and Larry cried:

"Shure, Mither Frank, phwat do yez say to goin' ashore an' thrying it somewhere else?"

"Oh, yes," cried Grace, eagerly. "Let us not stay here any longer."

Kate endorsed the plan also, so it was adopted. Following along the sandbar the little party soon reached the high, gravelly banks of the stream. They climbed up and stood on the level of the plain.

As far as the eye could reach it extended, bare and desolate. It was hard to conceive how any living being could find sustenance in this region.

Leaving the river and the airship behind them, the little party of prospectors kept on for some ways.

"Be me sowl!" cried Larry. "I'm afther thinkin' goold is the only thing to be found in this region. Yez cudn't even grow praties here."

The girls laughed and Grace said: "Then it hardly compares with Ireland, Larry."

Divil a bit," replied the Young Celt. "Shure there's no spot on earth so fine as the dear old Emerald Isle."

And the big-hearted young Irishman pulled off his cap reverently. Now Larry had been born in Ireland and lived part of his life there, coming to America with his father, Barney. So that he was a genuine, true Irish lad.

"Hello," exclaimed Young Frank Reade, suddenly. "What do you call that off there in the distance?"

All looked in the direction indicated.

"Why," cried Kate, "it looks like a habitation of some kind."

An odd looking structure rose from the level of the plain and not far from a tall, tree-covered butte. It was sloped much like an Esquimaux dwelling and might have been taken for such had it been of ice.

Our explorers regarded it with much interest and wonderment.

Of course there was no thought of anything but a visit to the curious hut. It was some distance away, but this did not deter them.

"Come on!" cried Grace, eagerly. "Let us see who lives there. Who knows but that we have discovered an Alaskan hermit or perhaps we are just in time to give succor to some suffering and exiled miner."

"Right," cried Kate, on the qui vive. "Come, Frank. Will you allow us girls to lead the way?"

"I rather guess not," cried Frank, with a laugh. "Come on, Larry. Let us show them what we can do."

"Be jabers, how do yez know some man is not livin' there, an'—"

"Well, what of that?"

"He moight shoot us fer trespassin' on his property, shure."

"We'll take the chances," replied Frank. "Come on or the girls will get there before us."

So, with high spirits and much eagerness, the party of young aerial voyagers started for the curious hut.

The hut was made partly of stone and partly of turf. The door stood wide open.

The explorers were not long in reaching this. They entered the hut and the scene which met their gaze was a terrible and heartsickening one.

There were a few primitive articles of furniture in the place, a couple of rustic chairs, a table made from the branches of fir trees and bunks of pine boughs against the wall.

The remains of a fire in the shape of dead ashes and charcoal was on a rude hearth. But what enchained our explorers with horror was a horrible spectacle.

CHAPTER VIII.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

In the centre of the hut were two supporting posts. To one of these was bound the skeleton of a man, the wasted frame being held together by a few remnants of clothing.

About the next post were a few rotting strands of rope, which might indicate that another party had also once stood there, but had made his escape. This one ghastly occupant of the hut, however, furnished the hint of a fearful tragedy.

There were evidences that the hut had been occupied for some time as a place of habitation. Cooking utensils and miners' tools were scattered about and Larry picked up a goodly-sized nugget of gold.

The explorers for a time stood silent in the presence of the dead. Grace leaned sick and faint with horror against the door jamb.

Both Frank and Kate knew the half-conceived belief in her mind that this was her own father, who had been decoyed hither, bound to the post and left to die by the conspirators who had plotted against him.

But Frank said in a low, reassuring tone:

"This was a very young man. He had no beard and he was not very tall."

This brought hope fluttering back into the young girl's heart. When she saw that there was no possibility that the dead man was her father all her wonderful courage returned.

Both girls now went outside the hut. The spectacle was one which they could not bear.

Larry had occupied himself in examining the hut. As Young Frank now returned the young Celt said:

"Begorra, Mither Frank, I thought the young leddy was going to faint."

"I cannot wonder at that," replied the boy inventor. "The fate of this unknown man is what we have feared has been the fate of her own father."

"Shure, this is not him."

"No."

"But, be jabers, who knows but he moight have been the other man," and Larry pointed to the other post, where the bits of severed rope yet clung. Frank could see the logic of this and said:

"That is worth bearing in mind, Larry. We will investigate."

Frank now proceeded to carefully examine the clothing of the dead man. In one of the pockets he found a packet of papers. These furnished a revelation.

One was a printed prospectus of the Great Northern Mining Company. Another was a letter received at St. Michaels by Edgar Benton and sent from San Francisco by his wife. Frank made careful note of the dates. He was satisfied now that these proved the fact that the party of prospectors headed by Harkley Small, and of which Mr. Ellis was a member, had built and occupied this hut.

No doubt the prospect of striking a rich vein of gold had induced them to locate here for a time and forego their purpose of disposing of Mr. Ellis until later. Frank made deductions in an easy and logical way.

The party had no doubt all been in the game against Mr. Ellis save Benton, who might have joined them in St. Michael or somewhere else. He had very likely sided with Ellis and the friends had bound both to the stakes in the cabin and left them to die an awful death of starvation.

Benton had yielded to death, but the absence of the other intended victim and the severed ropes would seem to indicate that he had made his escape. In this case there would seem to be hope that the lost scientist was alive and to be found somewhere in those trackless wastes.

Thread by thread Young Frank Reade followed the case. His conclusions were all logical and he felt correct. So, with a bright face, he rejoined the girls.

"Grace," he said, cheerfully, "I believe all is coming out right. There is no doubt but that this hut was the quarters of the Great Northern prospecting party during their stay in the Forsaken Land."

Grace was very pale but calm.

"Then you believe that my father was here with them?" she asked.

"I do."

"Do you think—"

"That he is alive to-day? Yes, and somewhere to be found in this desolate land. We will find him."

Then Young Frank Reade recited his conclusions. The girls listened with deep interest and Kate cried:

"Frank, you are right. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Ellis is alive and we will find him."

But the doubt of a haunting fear prompted Grace to say:

"Yet, if he escaped from this place, ought he not to have reached some point from whence he could have sent word to his friends at home?"

"Ah, you pessimist," laughed the young inventor. "Don't you know that traveling through this region afoot is not traveling by airship. A man might be years getting out of this wilderness. During the short summer he could travel but a short distance, even if he did not lose his way. Winter coming upon him would force him to hibernate for many weary months. No, there is every reason for believing that your father is alive and safe and we will find him."

"Pray heaven that may be so," murmured the young girl.

"You can see," pursued the boy inventor, "that members of the party other than he are yet in Alaska. We have run across two of them, the ringleader, Harkley Small, and Jacob Hynes."

Grace's spirits arose with a bound. Hope once more was hers.

Larry had severed the ropes which bound the remains of Benton to the post and the body was interred tenderly in a grave dug outside the hut. Then Frank and Larry made a detour of the locality seeking for other clues.

A worn path was found which led to a spring near by. But this was the only evidence found further than that already attained.

There was no doubt that Benton had died before his companion had been rescued, or succeeded in gaining his liberty, whichever the case was, else the Frisco miner would never have been left tied to the post.

It was now proposed to return to the airship. Kate and Grace were quite fatigued, so Frank exclaimed:

"I will return to the airship and Larry can stay here with you. I will bring the ship over and save you the walk."

"Oh, that will be a relief," declared Kate. "I had no idea we had traveled so far."

"Nor I," declared Grace. "We will wait here, Frank. Larry can go with you if you wish. We are not afraid to stay alone."

Frank scanned the plain with his keen gaze. It did not seem as if there could be any possibility of a lurking foe in the vicinity. Yet he decided to take no chances.

"No," he said, decisively. "I think Larry had better stay with you. I will go on alone."

"Shure, I'll take care av the leddy, Mither Frank," declared the young Celt. "Yez needn't be afraid av that."

"All right," agreed the boy inventor. "I am depending on you."

So away he skurried toward the airship. Soon he was out of sight beyond the depressions of the rolling plain.

He walked on rapidly until he saw the rotoscopes of the airship visible above the verge of the river bank.

A short while later he was traversing the sandbar toward the Polar Star. As he drew nearer he saw Scipio at the rail. The coon was signaling to him with apparent pleasure.

"Golly, Marse Frank, I'se done glad yo' cum back," cried Scipio. "Suah, sah, dis chile was pow'ful 'fraid yo' neber would."

"I believe you were frightened, you rascal," laughed Frank. "You actually look a shade paler."

Scipio grinned at the absurdity of this declaration.

"No, sah," he declared, strenuously. "Dar warn't nuffin to be 'fraid ob. Suah, sah. I ain't seed nobody nor nuffin."

Frank clambered over the rail. He explained matters briefly to Scipio.

"A' right, sah," cried the coon. "I reckon we mighty soon get fings ready."

With this Scipio pulled in the anchor ropes, and then, going into the pilot house, turned the rolescope lever. The airship at once responded and sailed upward.

At an elevation of two hundred feet a good view of the plain and all depressions as far as the hut could be obtained. Frank was at the rail looking for Grace and Kate, whom he had left with Larry.

He scanned the plain carefully, and, to his surprise, was unable to see them. The airship sailed around in a sort of wide circle. But the three voyagers could not be seen.

Frank rubbed his eyes.

"Why, that is queer," he muttered. "What can it mean? There is surely the spot where I left them."

"Golly, Marse Frank," cried Scipio, "wha' does yo' 'spose dey is? Dey hain't run up agin any ghostises, hab dey?"

"Stop your nonsense, Scipio," cried Frank. "This may prove serious. It is very strange. I can see no reason for their hiding from us."

"Praps dey hab got lost."

"That could not be. There was not time for them to get far enough from sight."

Yet the incontrovertible fact remained that the three voyagers had dropped completely from sight. They had mysteriously vanished.

What did it mean? What could it mean? How could they disappear so suddenly and so strangely?

Frank was not only mystified and startled, but he was consumed with an awful fear.

Had some unseen and deadly foe pounced upon them and killed them while he was on his way to the airship? Frank was utterly unable to form even the most vague of theories.

He scanned the plain again and again. Finally he located the spot where he had left them, as he believed.

"Lower the airship, Scipio," he declared. "I will see if I can find a trail."

Down went the Polar Star. Soon it rested on terra firma. Frank leaped over the rail.

"Throw out the anchor ropes, Scipio," he said. "Come with me. I may need your assistance. I think the ship will be all safe."

"A' right, sah."

Scipio obeyed orders without question. He threw the anchors overboard and then joined Frank.

The young inventor was busy examining the ground for the footprints of the lost voyagers. Scipio proceeded to aid him in this.

They made a careful search for the trail. But in this they seemed likely to be baffled.

Just here the ground was of a character which no trail would show upon. They wandered fully a hundred yards from the airship in their detour.

Suddenly Frank exclaimed:

"Well, Scipio, it's of no use. We can't find a trail here. We may as well give it up."

"A' right, sah," cried Scipio. "I reckon we bettah go back to de airship."

"Yes."

As he said this Frank turned his gaze toward the airship. For a moment he reeled and swayed like one who had been given a stunning blow.

It was not there.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

The spot where the Polar Star had been anchored was vacant. The airship was gone. On the ground lay the anchors and coils of rope.

Instinctively both Frank and Scipio looked upward.

They beheld a startling sight. The Polar Star was just vanishing in a cloud bank miles above.

For a moment the earth seemed to whirl about Young Frank Reade. He was literally aghast with the full realization of the situation.

"Gone!" he gasped. "Scipio, we are ruined! We are done for! The airship is gone!"

Scipio's kinky wool fairly bristled with horror and his eyes rolled spasmodically.

"Golly fo' glory, Marse Frank!" he cried. "Dat am a drefful fng."

"We are lost!" repeated the young inventor. "We are likely never to see home again."

It was a dreadful thought. But only for a brief while was Young Frank Reade thus overcome.

Grit and an adaptability to circumstances were the prevailing elements of the boy inventor's nature. He quickly recovered and sought, perforce of nature, to meet this new and dreadful exigency.

Frank's first move was to examine the anchor ropes.

His first thought had been that some spring had given way on the keyboard and released the rolescope lever, and the upward leap of the airship had broken the anchor ropes.

It seemed the only possible solution of the escape of the airship. Too late Frank saw the folly of leaving the airship without a guardian. Scipio ought to have remained aboard.

The position was one not to be at once fully understood or appreciated. Left alone in the wilds of Alaska, without food or sustenance or even weapons, the situation could not have been more desperate.

Scipio began to groan and wail.

"Oh, massy Lordy, Marse Frank!" he whimpered. "I done reckon we'se all gwine to go to kingdom come. Dis am de end ob us all."

"Stop your noise, Scipio," said Frank, sternly. "Don't be so foolish. We'll make our way home somehow."

In that moment the young inventor never entertained the slightest hope of seeing the airship again. He considered now only some practical method of reaching the nearest frontier post.

But just then he picked up the end of the anchor rope and began to examine it. Then he gave a thrilling cry.

Scipio turned and was so startled that he nearly fell over. His eyes rolled wildly.

"Wha' am de mattah, Marse Frank?" he cried.

"Heavens, Scipio!" cried Young Frank. "Do you see this rope? It never parted, but was cut with a knife."

Scipio's knees yielded and he trembled like an aspen, while his eyes wildly rolled.

"Fo' de lan's sake!" he gasped. "Dat am a suttin' fac'!"

It was true that a knife had severed the two ropes. Young Frank was stunned with the realization. It was some while before he could reflect in a logical way upon the possibilities of the case. Some person had cut those ropes. That person—who was he?

This was the question. Had he been aboard the airship all the while? Or had he chanced to come along over the plain? This latter assumption did not seem probable, as any person in the vicinity would almost surely have been seen before the airship descended.

Yet, the airship had been thoroughly searched. Young Frank Reade was at his wit's ends. He thought of Harkey Small, but this villain could not possibly have covered the necessary distance in order to be present just now.

It would seem that the unknown thief was one who had in some way gained a knowledge of the mechanism of the airship. At least he had been able to set the rolescope in motion.

Young Frank Reade paced up and down like one in a demented state.

"What a fool I was!" he kept saying. "It is my fault. The airship should not have been left alone. Who can the fiend be?"

"I done fink I kin tell, Marse Frank," declared Scipio, solemnly.

"What?" asked Frank, sharply. "Do you mean that? Who, then?"

"De debbil, sah! Dere ain't nobody cud stay abo'd dat airship an' not be seen but ole Nick hissef, sah!"

"Well, Scipio," he declared, "your theory is not so very bad. But I fear I cannot accept it. The party who has run off with that airship is a flesh and blood, bona fide reality."

"Why didn't we fin' him, den, when we done searched de airship?" asked Scipio.

"That is easily understood," replied Frank. "He had found some part of the airship in which to conceal himself which we overlooked. Again, it has occurred to me that it was easy for him to shift his position as we went on with the search. We didn't happen to find him, that was all."

"It was berry funny," declared Scipio. "I don't see but we hab got to walk all de way back home, an' dis chile don't like walkin' one lily bit."

"Don't you worry, Scipio," said Young Frank, with desperate earnestness. "There is a kind Providence which will watch over us and bring all out right. But I must say luck just now seems against us."

"I fink yo' is right, Marse Frank. I feels a lily bit sorry 'bout dat 'ishman. He an' I don't agree on eberyting, but he am a good fellah fo' all dat."

A chill struck into Frank's breast. It was certainly very strange what had become of the other voyagers. For a moment the airship's loss had overshadowed this calamity. But now he realized that it was the greater of the two.

Were he assured that Kate and Grace and Larry were alive and well he would have been happy in spite of the desperate situation in which they were all placed.

He felt that his first duty was to find and succor them if possible. It seemed of no utter use to try any method of reclaiming the airship. That seemed lost forever.

For it was hardly likely that Luke Spencer, the crank, if, indeed, it was him who had been secreted aboard the Polar Star and had carried the airship off, would come back to aid the voyagers, whose destruction, indeed, he most desired.

So Frank abandoned all hopes of recovering the airship and applied his mind to the problem of finding his missing friends.

Again and again he and Scipio made a circuit of the locality trying in vain to find a trail.

He found only one clue.

This was a handkerchief which belonged to Grace. It was valuable only as proving that the lost travelers had reached a point at least as far along as this toward the airship. Frank now set a course in a direct line for the river.

He closely scrutinized the ground as he went on. And now he and Scipio came upon the most astounding revelation of the day.

At this spot the level plain took a gentle descent toward the river and right here, hardly noticeable from any other point, was a depression shaped much like a bowl.

A curious short shrub grew around the edges of this. Here the soil became more alluvial and suddenly Scipio discovered footprints.

"Massy Lordy, Marse Frank," he cried. "I'se done found de trail!"

"What's that, you black rascal?" cried Frank, rushing up to the spot.

But the young inventor saw that Scipio had told the truth. There was the trail past dispute. Frank examined it and came upon a stupefying discovery.

The footprints led to the very centre of the depression, and here, right in the thin alkaline crust which seemed to make the floor of the depression, was a deep, dark cavity or orifice several feet in diameter.

The footprints led to the verge of this, no further. It explained the horrifying fact that the three travelers, in crossing the depression, had suddenly broken through and fallen—where, it was not easy to say, but very likely to the unknown depths of the earth's centre.

Aghast and sick with horror, Frank sank down upon the verge of the cavity. Despair of the most awful sort was upon him, when a cry from Scipio claimed his attention.

He looked up to the zenith, as the coon directed, and beheld a startling sight. There was the airship rapidly descending toward the earth.

Young Frank Reade was astounded. What could it mean?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Snaps" is our latest publication. Great Comic Stories by Great Comic Authors. 32 Pages. Colored Covers. Price 5 cents.

On one occasion while examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp belonging to a light house, a visitor wishing to see how many seconds would lapse before it completed a revolution, took a half-crown piece from his pocket and placed it on the revolving frame work. Watch in hand he patiently waited for the coin to come round again to where he was standing, but no half-crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes, still no half crown. "Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the reason of it?" In order to ascertain he walked round to the other side of the lamp, and in doing so encountered one of the light house men, who touched his cap and said, in an undertone, "Thank you, sir." The man, seeing the coin coming toward him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip!

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

Going Out West

OR,

The Fortunes of a Bright Boy.

By C. LITTLE,

Author of "The Aberdeen Athletes," "Willing to Work," "A King at 16," "Minding His Business," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JIM?

When Jim Berry threw open the door of the hut he could not see any one standing outside the window, as he fully expected, and it must be owned that this gave him a certain sense of relief.

He ran out and looked around in every direction, but there was nobody in sight.

This time, however, there could be no imagination about it, for there were footprints in the snow plain enough, and they seemed to lead off toward a small frame building which stood in the middle of the inclosure toward which Jim now hurried with his revolver, ready for business.

The trail in the snow took him directly to the door, which stood partly open, and here ended.

Jim threw the door wide open and looked in. It was only a shaft house. There was a windlass and tub over the big, oblong hole which led down into the dark depths below, but there was no ladder and unless the man had jumped down it was difficult to see how he had managed to disappear so effectually, for there was certainly no place to hide.

Jim was deeply puzzled.

He peered down the shaft and tried to make out what it all meant, but could see nothing.

Then he thought of Ella and hurriedly returned to the house, half expecting to find that she had vanished also, but the brave girl stood there at the door waiting for him, flashing the lantern across the snow to guide him back.

"Well, what did you find, Jim?" she asked, coolly. "Anybody there?"

"No one that I can find, Ella," replied Jim, "but some one has been here all right, though. You can see the tracks in the snow."

"That's sure. I saw them. It's no ghosts this time, Ella, nor imagination, either. I followed the tracks to the shaft house of the mine and there lost them. I can't make out where the man went."

"Let's go and have another look," suggested Ella. "I know more about miners than you do, perhaps. I can see something that you can't."

Jim raised no objection and they returned to the shaft house, Ella still carrying the lantern, which Jim considered rather dangerous, but still it would have been difficult to see their way in the dark.

"He came as far as here, that's sure," said Ella; "there is only one thing he could have done, Jim, and that is to go down into the shaft."

"But how could he get down?" questioned Jim. "There's the tub and there is no ladder."

"He couldn't have let himself down in the tub very well, but I'm not so sure about the ladder. Lower your lantern down into the shaft, Jim. There you are. I knew there must be a ladder here."

The ladder began about ten feet down the shaft and hanging upon a big iron hook was a shorter ladder with bent irons on its end.

It was perfectly evident that the man must have gone down the shaft and pulled this ladder down after him.

Jim drew the lantern away in a hurry.

"We want to get out of here just as quick as we can," he whispered. "I can hear people talking down the shaft."

"So did I!" exclaimed Ella, breathlessly. "We are certainly in danger, but still I don't feel like running away, at least, not until I know what it all means."

"You're a brave girl, Ella. There isn't one in a thousand who would want to stay here a moment. I'll do it if you say so, though."

"Why, it's like this," said Ella, hurriedly. "Father has just bought an old abandoned mine in this region somewhere called the Chief, and it has occurred to me that this may be the place. Of course, if there is any crooked work going on here he would want to know it, and for my part I don't feel a bit like running away without finding out what all this means."

"I'm with you, Ella, but I don't go to sleep in that house to-night."

"Certainly not. That would simply be folly. Know what I think, Jim?"

"I should be glad to hear, Ella, but I can't say I know."

"I think we looked in the wrong place for some trace of those men we saw moving over the snow. You see we had just come out of the dark canyon and when we first saw the light we didn't know where to locate it. We looked on this side of that long one-story building over there

which I take to be a store house. Suppose, now, we look on the other—just beyond it, I mean—with the idea that our eyes were deceived as to the actual distance. You see I reason this way: Suppose the foremost of those men carried a lantern and passed behind the building just at the moment we were looking at them, that would cut off the light and the men would disappear just as they did."

"Upon my word, Ella, you ought to have been a lawyer," said Jim; "the way you reason things out is immense, but I've got a suggestion to make."

"Make it. If you can better my proposition, all right."

"I don't know that I can, but we want to be on the safe side. If there is anybody here, of course, they are watching us and—"

"I don't admit that, Jim."

"Well, very likely, then."

"That's better."

"Don't let's split hairs. I say we want to go back to the house and put the lantern so that the light can be seen through the window. They'll think we have given it up and will make their next move; after a little I can sneak out and prow around in the dark. It's light enough for me to see where I'm going, anyhow. Of course I don't insist upon this, Ella, and I won't do it if you don't want to be left alone."

"Don't you fret about me," replied Ella. "Our greatest danger is that they may capture our horses and your scheme will give them plenty of time to do it. I say let's get the horses out into the canyon first and then we will be all ready to make a retreat."

"Yes, if they will let us," replied Jim. "You go down into the canyon, Ella, and I'll bring the horses. I don't want to see you shot."

But this Ella positively refused to do, declaring that she was determined to take her chances with Jim.

In short there was no such thing as doing differently from what the brave girl wanted to do, so they went right to work together with their preparations to leave.

The horses were saddled and led out into the canyon. Before doing this Jim put the nuggets into an old bag, which he discovered in the house, and fastened it to the saddle with the grips.

All was ready now, but there was one consideration which Ella had not taken into account.

"These horses won't stand here unless some one stays with them," said Jim, quietly; "now, Ella, I'm going back to try and solve this mystery, and you must stay here and watch the horses and the grips."

Ella laughed.

"Well, now, you've got me, Jim!" she exclaimed, "and now I say don't go. Let's give it up and ride back by the way we came."

"And abandon Nonny altogether? I don't like to do that. I still have an idea that I may get some trace of him over there; at least, I would like to try."

Ella gave up then.

"All right. I'll stay, Jim," she said, "but do be careful. Think what might happen to me if I was left to fight this battle alone."

"I won't be gone a minute," replied Jim, and off he hurried back to the mine. He had not been gone three minutes before Ella heard a shot ring out upon the silence and then came Jim's voice shouting:

"Fly, Ella! Fly! Save yourself while you can!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FALL DOWN THE SHAFT.

Jim had run head first into trouble, so to speak.

He had made straight for the storehouse, passing on to the open space between it and the next building, which had been erected for a quartz crushing house, but never completed, and here he found that Ella's theory was entirely correct; for here was a line of footprints in the snow leading on to a second shaft house a little beyond.

"That's where they went," thought Jim. "I may as well push on and find out what there is there."

This was going a step too far. Jim had almost reached the shaft house when the door flew open and there stood an Indian in a buckskin suit, who threw up a rifle and covered him.

"Huh, white boy; huh! No move or we shoot!" he called out.

But Jim was doing the shooting just then. He instantly threw up his revolver and fired, missing the Indian by a hair's breadth.

The buck did not attempt to return the shot, for it was not necessary.

Instantly four other Indians came running out of the back door of the storehouse and pounced upon Jim, who shouted to Ella as described in the last chapter the moment he realized that his retreat had been cut off.

"Him caught? Shall we kill him, boss?" cried one of the Indians.

"Yes!" answered a man, who came running out of the storehouse. "Scalp him, Red Cloud! He is my enemy! Scalp him now!"

It was Franz Knittle, the burglar. By

the light of the lantern, which the man carried in his hand, Jim recognized him and he gave himself up for lost.

But Jim was plucky and he made up his mind to fight for his life to the last.

Twisting himself out of the grip of his captors, he made off through the snow toward the shaft house.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!" yelled Knittle. Now Jim did not want to be shot and he knew he would be unless he got under cover pretty quick, so he bounced into the shaft house and slammed the door.

"They've got me!" he panted, as he tried to fasten it. "I can't escape."

He now gave himself up for lost, but nevertheless he was to escape and by a way which he certainly never would have dared to choose for himself.

In trying to find some way of fastening the door Jim stepped back a bit too far for safety and down he went into the shaft.

It was an awful sensation.

Jim threw out his hands and clutched wildly at the first object with which they came in contact, which, by rare fortune, happened to be a bit of rope attached to the tub that hung suspended from the windlass over the mouth of the shaft.

The rope held and instantly the windlass began to turn, the tub rope unwinding with great rapidity.

The ratchet had given way, being old and rusted, and with Jim's weight added to that of the tub, there was no such thing as stopping it now.

Who could describe Jim Berry's sensations?

They were horrible, of course. The boy gave himself up for lost. He expected nothing but to be dashed to pieces on the rocks when the tub came to the end of its rope, and so he surely would have been if the rope had been long enough to reach the bottom, which it was not, as he very soon found out, for the tub was brought up with a round turn and there Jim hung suspended in midair in total darkness, his brain reeling with the horror of his situation and his hands all blistered and torn.

"He's a goner!" he heard a voice call out above him, and at the same instant there was a flash of light into the shaft.

"Yes, I heard him strike!" replied another voice. "He's safe enough now, Knittle. We'd better make sure of the girl and the horses. There's no time to be wasted, anyhow, if we are going to make our raid on old man Dean's mine before daylight."

"Ella is lost," thought poor Jim, "and so am I. What on earth am I to do?"

He knew well enough what he would have to do in a moment, and that was drop.

He felt himself going—it was impossible for him to hold on to the rope any longer.

A second later Jim dropped and he thought he was dropping to his death, but instead of that he landed on his feet but a short distance below the dangling tub and fell back against the wall of the shaft perspiring in every pore.

He was safe for the moment, but what was coming next?

He could hear footsteps coming over rocks in the darkness and a voice called out:

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Knittle? Oh, let me out! Let me out!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXPLOSION UNDERGROUND.

Jim caught his breath. He could scarcely believe his ears when he recognized the voice of the boy Nonny somewhere in the darkness.

"Nonny! Nonny!" he called.

"Yes, yes. Nonny hears," came the answer. "Let me go, Mr. Knittle. I'll do just what you say. I don't want to stay down here in this hole. Let me go!"

"I'm not Knittle!" cried Jim. "Don't you know me, Nonny?"

"Oh, it's the boss! It's the boss!" cried the voice, breaking into a wild laugh.

The footsteps now drew nearer; a light flashed and Jim suddenly saw Nonny carrying a lantern in his hand coming out from under an arch of rock which opened off from the bottom of the narrow shaft.

Jim did not know much about mining; if he had he would have known that this was a "drift" or passage cut out on the line of the vein, which the miners who had opened the shaft had been working.

There are drifts in all quartz mines which have been worked to any extent, and in the older mines of the far West there are often many. There were several in connection with this mine, which was called the Chief, as Ella had supposed.

Formerly it had been very profitable and a great deal of gold was taken out, but the stock fell into the hands of a lot of Wall street sharks, who were ultimately the means of ruining the company, and the mine fell into bankruptcy and was abandoned some years before.

But Jim was not speculating upon the history of the Chief just then.

Nonny, with cries of delight, ran up to him and began a long, rambling explanation of how he came to be there, which it was all Jim could do to understand, but, strange to say, the half-witted boy did not seem to show the least curiosity to know how Jim came to be there at the bottom of the shaft. He seemed to take it

for granted that he had come down because he wanted to and could go away at any time he pleased.

The gist of Nonny's story was this:

When he was startled by the sight of the moving figures in the mine yard, which were the Indians going from the crushing works to the storehouse, Nonny had run back along the canyon without stopping to think where he was going and had fallen into the hands of Knittle, who suddenly appeared before him.

This much was plain, but when it came to the rest of Nonny's story it was all very misty.

All that Jim could make out was that Knittle had taken him into a hole in the rocks and hurried him along until they reached a certain place where there were a lot of bags piled up, and, leaving him there with a lantern, had told him to wait until he came back.

"And I did wait till I got tired, boss," protested Nonny in his simple way, "and then I got scared and I couldn't stay there no longer, so I've been going on and on till I don't know where I am. Where's the lady? Has Knittle killed her? He said he would, coz he hates her father. We had better go and help her, boss."

There was nothing that Jim wanted to do any more than that, but he had a good deal of confidence in Ella's ability to help herself.

"Come, Nonny!" he exclaimed, seizing the lantern; "we'll go right along to the lady now and you shall show me the way."

"Why, don't you know the way, boss?" demanded the boy, trotting after Jim like a dog, as he started along the drift.

"Indeed, I don't!" exclaimed Jim. "I wish I did."

"But how did you get here?"

"Why, I fell down through the shaft," said Jim; "but this was all Greek to Nonny, for he had not the least idea what a shaft was."

They pushed on for several hundred feet, coming suddenly out into another shaft, which Jim rightly guessed to be the one which he had first seen and that the drift connected the two.

There was a pile of ore bags here filled with rock and Nonny declared that this was the place where Knittle had left him.

There was a ladder leading up the shaft and Nonny, pointing to it, said that Knittle had gone that way, but the drift led on and Jim preferred to follow it, for if Nonny's story was true, and there seemed no reason to doubt it, this must be the way by which Knittle had brought him into the mine.

So the boys hurried on, finding that the drift took a sharp ascent upward before they had gone a dozen yards.

"We shall soon be out, Nonny!" exclaimed Jim; but he had scarcely spoken when he came to a place where the drift suddenly divided.

There was a passage veering off to the right and another to the left, and which to take Nonny could not tell.

Jim was greatly puzzled. To make a mistake was to lose time, and there was absolutely nothing to indicate to the boy in which direction his path lay.

After a few moments' hesitation and useless questioning of Nonny Jim chose the left hand drift and pushed on for fully two hundred feet over fairly level ground, when it suddenly came to an end against a blank wall of rock.

There were a lot of drills and hammers scattered about here and a workman's dinner pail stood against the wall, beside which were a number of wheelbarrows, some filled with broken stone.

"We've got to go back, Nonny," he exclaimed. "We have taken the wrong road. Tell me, were you here before?"

"No, never," replied Nonny. "I don't know this place at all, boss."

"Hark!" exclaimed Jim, "what was that?"

It was a muffled laugh, and then some one spoke, but it was impossible to make out words.

"Ghosts!" gasped Nonny, starting away.

"Nonsense!" said Jim, catching him by the arm. "Stand where you are. I want to find out what this means."

He listened, but the voices did not speak again, still he could distinctly hear a pounding which seemed to come from the other side of the rocks that cut off their advance.

"Strange," murmured Jim. "There can't be any one behind there, and yet—"

"All ready! Run, boys, run!" cried a muffled voice, the words being barely audible.

Nonny yelled "ghosts" again and started back through the drift on the run, which sent Jim after him.

"Stand still, you idiot!" he cried, catching him by the arm. "There's nothing here to hurt you."

But Nonny saved Jim's life by that sudden bolt if ever one boy ever saved the life of another, for all in the same instant there was a tremendous explosion and tons of rock came tumbling down upon the very place where they had stood.

Thrown violently against the wall by the force of the shock, their eyes and lungs filled with black, suffocating smoke, the boys stood gasping for breath and wondering what was coming next.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Young Trolley Magnate.

Twelve-Year-Old Atlanta Boy to be Elected an Officer.

Atlanta claims the youngest trolley car magnate in the country. He is Cornelius Jerome Simmons, Jr., son and namesake of the President of the Collins Park and Belt Railroad Company, of the Georgia city. The boy, when much younger, had a trolley line of his own, with toy steel



cars, schedules and everything else, on a miniature but perfect scale.

It has been suggested that the boy—he is just twelve years old—be elected Second Vice-President of his father's company, and the suggestion, it is now said, will be carried out. During a recent franchise hearing he did not miss a meeting of the committee. Every point was noted by him, and he made comments which would have done an older head credit. Many of his suggestions were acted upon by the company.

Cornelius has always taken a great interest in trolley cars and electricity, and the prediction that he will be at the head of a rapid transit company a decade hence is regarded as a safe saying.

We give you a splendid chance to secure a good wheel. See 16th page.

What a Jockey Earns.

Jockeys' fees are comparatively modest. The highest fee, as set down by the Jockey Club, is \$25 for a winner. Fifteen dollars are given for the steering of a horse which fails to win, and ten for riding a horse in a trial run; but if a jockey makes \$5,000 by fees, the chances are he makes six or seven times as much in other moneys he receives.

It is by retaining fees and presents from his employers that the jockey makes his "pile." As is probably well known, a jockey's services are divided up, as it were, into sections—one employer has the first right to claim him to ride, another employer has second right, another the third right, and so on, until, perhaps, the jockey is in the pay of five or six owners of race horses, from each of whom he receives a fixed sum or a salary for the season.

When a jockey is receiving retaining fees from three or four owners he is doing very well indeed. These fees may amount to almost anything, depending upon the jockey's reputation and the horse owner's wealth. The owner who has first call upon a jockey necessarily pays more than the second caller, and he more than the third. But the difference is not often very great. When the fee is paid it is invariably accompanied by a handsome present, which may be \$100, \$250 or perhaps \$500. It is not rare for the \$25 fee to be supplemented with a present of \$2,500.

When a horse wins a race at "long odds" the successful jockey generally receives house loads of presents. We use the term "house loads" literally, for these presents not infrequently consist of such considerable trifles as dog carts, pianos, boats, horses and bits of costly and artistic furniture, to say nothing of cases of wine and casks of special beer, boxes upon boxes of cigars (one jockey is said to have received four thousand cigars in rather less than two years), jewelry and a thousand other things, all of which emanate from people whose friendly sentiments have been aroused by the jockey's prowess. And besides these gifts from followers of "the sport of kings," a successful jockey gets tons of presents from manufacturers. Shirts, cuffs, ties, waistcoats, etc., rain down upon him from makers seeking advertisements. He probably gets every staple novelty for nothing within a few hours of its being put upon the market, and if he does not, he could have it for the asking.

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OR,

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By GASTON GARNE.

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FRED FEARNOT IN THE CLOUDS

OR,

Evelyn's Narrow Escape.

By HAL STANDISH.

It Is Out To-day.

[This story commenced in No. 262.]

DICK DAREALL, THE YANKEE BOY SPY;

OR,

Young America in the Philippines.

By ALBERT H. BOOTH,

Author of "The White Nine," "Fast Mail Fred," "The Silver Wheel," "Two Boys From Nowhere," "Always On Time," "Half Back Harry," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A LIVELY ADVENTURE.

The Twentieth Kansas had gone ashore from the transport at once and had taken up its quarters at a point not far removed from several other regiments, and where it could be brought into action promptly in case of necessity.

There was much to see that was interesting, and the boys were on the alert to

claimed Mark, after they had been traversing the streets of the city for upward of an hour.

"Yes, there is much to interest one," replied Dick. "I will have lots to tell next time I write home to mother."

Presently they met a couple of pretty American girls, accompanied by two young midshipmen. The young couples were laughing and joking and evidently enjoying themselves hugely. The midshipmen

speed, followed by Mark Cramer, who had succeeded in getting out from among the fighting soldiers and natives. The two middies were so hedged in by the Filipinos that they could not get out to join in the pursuit of the two who were making off with the girls.

The boys ran with all their might and shouted to the men to stop, but the fellows kept on, running at a swift pace, even though weighted down by the girls, whom they were carrying bodily.

Natives along the street, seemingly understanding the situation, got in the way of the boys, tried to trip them up, did everything they could think of to harass them and retard their progress.

The boys made good speed, however, despite the obstructions placed in their way, and they had the pleasure of knocking several of the natives down as they went along. Others quickly appeared in their places, however, and, although the boys gained on the men they were pursuing, the gain was slow.

"We'll have to do better than this, Mark," said Dick. "First thing we know those



"GOOD HEAVENS, DICK! LOOK!" MARK CRIED. "LOOK AT THE SNAKES AND THINGS." DICK WAS CARRYING THE TORCH, AND HAD HAD HIS EYES ABOVE THE FLOOR, WHILE MARK HAD LOOKED DOWN AND AROUND IN ALL DIRECTIONS, HENCE HAD SEEN THE SNAKES FIRST, FOR SNAKES THERE WERE, DOZENS, SCORES OF THEM.

take everything in. Everything was new. The weather was beautiful and very pleasant save in the middle of the day, when the sun was excessively hot. During the mid-day hours, however, the boys kept under cover and avoided danger from sunstroke.

The soldier boys were eager to go up into the city to see the sights, and they were allowed to do so, but had to go in squads of twenty or more, for the sake of safety, as the native residents were not to be trusted and danger lurked on every side. There had already been several mysterious disappearances from other regiments of soldiers who had gone up into the city, and this made the officers careful not to let small bodies of soldiers go. In numbers alone was safety.

Dick Dareall, in common with the rest of his company, was eager to visit the city, and when one morning he was among those chosen to go, he was delighted. Mark Cramer was to go, too, and as he was Dick's chum, the boys promised themselves some sport. Gilbert Marmaduke and Oscar Wheatly were also to be members of the party.

Finally they started and it was a jolly crowd indeed. They talked, laughed, sang and had a good time, nor did they diminish their actions after reaching the city, as they were out for fun and proposed to have it.

They were the recipients of many dark looks from the brown-skinned natives, and words were addressed to them in a strange tongue which were doubtless anything but complimentary.

The soldier boys did not care, however. They did not bother their heads about such matters. The actions of the natives were only to be expected.

Dick Dareall and Mark Cramer were not boisterous, but were letting nothing escape them. They saw everything that was worth seeing and enjoyed the new and unaccustomed sights, sounds and scenes immensely.

"Say, Dick, this is great, isn't it!" ex-

noded to the soldier boys, who in turn lifted their caps.

"Say, fellows, those girls are regular peaches, don't ye know," cried Gilbert Marmaduke when the others had passed. "I wish I was a midshipman, by jove!"

"I should think it would be dangerous for them to be up here in the heart of the city without other company," said Dick. "I thought small parties were not allowed to come up into the city."

"I thought so, too," assented Mark. "I should think it would be dangerous."

Just then they were startled by hearing screams, and, looking back, they saw that the two middies had been attacked by a gang of natives.

The young fellows were defending themselves manfully, but were outnumbered five to one and would soon be overcome if aid did not reach them.

"Quick! Let's go to their aid!" cried Dick, and the soldier boys rushed toward the scene of the encounter.

"Don't shoot them," Dick cried, as he drew his revolver. "Club your revolvers and thump the scoundrels over the head. If we fire we will attract hundreds more to their aid and we will be worsted."

All clubbed their weapons, and, following Dick's lead, leaped into the midst of the Filipinos and began striking out viciously at the natives' heads.

The soldier boys fought like tigers and the Filipinos were rapidly getting the worst of it when suddenly all were startled to hear screams from the girls, who had stopped crying out as soon as the soldiers had come to the aid of the midshipmen. Dick glanced in the direction of the screams and his heart thrilled with anger at what he saw.

A couple of giant natives had seized the girls in their arms and were hastening away down a side street with them.

"That must not be!" cried Dick. "Follow me, Mark. We must rescue those girls," and he dodged out of the melee and ran after the abductors of the girls at full

fellows will dodge in somewhere, close and bar the door and we'll be out of it. Faster, my boy, faster!"

They redoubled their exertions and gained more rapidly, but the giants in front were keeping up wonderfully, considering the loads they had to carry, and it would be a good spell yet before they would be overtaken.

On ran pursued and pursuers. The girls, seeing the youths coming in pursuit, no longer cried out. They were hopeful that they would soon be rescued.

On, on ran the natives, behind them came Dick and Mark, and presently the very thing happened that Dick feared would happen.

The men suddenly darted through the open doorway of a tall building on a narrow street and disappeared from view, a single cry escaping the lips of the girls simultaneously.

"Quick! We must get in there before they close the door," panted Dick, and the youths leaped forward with all their strength.

They were soon at the doorway through which the two men had disappeared, and, to their surprise, found the door open. Without stopping to think that this was a suspicious circumstance, the boys leaped down the half dozen steps—for it was a half basement the doorway opened into—and burst into the room beyond like a miniature cyclone.

Instantly they realized their mistake, but it was now too late to retreat, for such was the impetus with which they entered that they were at the middle of the room before they could stop, and then they found themselves surrounded by a howling, threatening, fierce-faced mob of Filipinos, many of whom flourished ugly looking knives.

Quickly the boys placed their backs together, and, reversing their revolvers, pointed the muzzles toward the men surrounding them.

(Continued on page 11.)

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

Across the Continent on Cheek;

OR,

Tommy Bounce and His Funny Adventures.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "Harry Hawser," "Bob and His Uncle Dick," "Uncle Jake," "Smart and Sharp," "Goliath," "The Last Bounce," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Whack! That sport was going to get hunk on Jim if he couldn't get so on any one else. He had driven eight miles for nothing, in the expectation of seeing a wonder, and he was mad. It never occurred to him that Tommy had put up a job on him so as to place that eight miles to his own credit and at the same time work a racket on Jim.

He was doubled up in a jiffy. Then Tommy did the laughing. He had plenty of reason. First the sport sat down with a force sufficient to make his hat fly off. Then Jim took a header through the window. Was it any wonder that Tommy laughed to split? The housemaid screamed, the sporty



JIM'S BIG FEET TOOK THE SPORT AT THE MIDDLE. HE WAS DOUBLED UP IN A JIFFY. FIRST THE SPORT SAT DOWN WITH A FORCE SUFFICIENT TO MAKE HIS HAT FLY OFF. THEN JIM TOOK A HEADER THROUGH THE WINDOW. WAS IT ANY WONDER THAT TOMMY LAUGHED FIT TO SPLIT?

Jim had talked of wanting a chance to stretch his legs and Tommy had given it to him.

The sport didn't blame Tommy so much as he blamed Jim, but perhaps that was because he had a chance to get square on the latter.

There was Jim's broad stern exposed to view, the tails of the long coat parting at just the right spot.

Could anything be more tempting to a man with a short whip in his hand and revenge in his heart?

The sport saw his chance and let drive at short range.

Whack! He took Jim Gloom a stinger plumb in the centre.

Jim kicked.

More ways than one, in fact.

He naturally objected to being made a target of for whip practice.

He also kicked in the manner that is generally meant by the term.

There had always been a good deal of the mule in Jim Gloom's disposition.

He showed it most forcibly at this juncture.

He jumped forward when he got that stinger in the rear and he kicked backward as well.

He kicked with both feet as well.

Now that sport stood at short range when he delivered that crack at Jim's stern.

Out flew Jim's heels and caught him just above the belt.

Jim's legs were of fair length, if he was fat.

They were quite long enough to do good execution in this instance.

The sport was just about to let out a taunting laugh.

That's the way of some fellows.

The laugh was smothered in the throat, however.

Blif!

Jim's big feet took him at the middle.

man grunted, Jim yelled and Tommy roared.

"Well, if he can't walk eight miles an hour, how about his kicking?" asked Tommy. "Have you got a mule you want to put up against him?"

"Oh, you go to thunder!" growled the sport, getting up.

"Don't have to," said Tommy, making a certain masonic sign with his thumb and the end of his nose.

The man went away and Jim Gloom came out of the house, having got his drink after the maid had recovered from her fright.

"Wha' struck me, Marse Tommy?" he asked. "Pears ter me lak I gots shot."

"Well, you shot into the house pretty sudden, Jim. Come on, you're pretty well limbered up now and you ought to do forty miles before supper without the slightest trouble."

"Fo'ty miles!" sputtered Mr. Gloom. "Fo' goodness sakes, Marse Tommy, I ain' gwine ter walk no fo'ty miles befo' suppah."

It was somewhere about this time that those two old cronies, Mr. Bounce and Mr. Grimes, back in New York, had a conversation in relation to Tommy and his accomplishments.

Old Grimes came into the library in his breezy fashion and said:

"Well, well, you've heard from Tommy, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Bounce.

"What! You haven't? Not heard? Why, I was sure you had. Didn't you send him money?"

"No, sir, not a cent."

"H-m!" retorted Grimes, lighting one of his friend's cigars. "That's queer."

"What's queer?"

"Why, my man writes me that he ran across Tommy and Jim Gloom in Kansas and that they were well dressed and appeared to be doing fine."

"Well, that's all right."

"Yes, but the last time he saw them before that they were looking very shabby, quite on the blink, as he expressed it."

"Oh, well, Tommy has cheeked himself some good clothes, that's all. He knows he can get on better if he is well dressed than if he looks shabby."

"Yes, but how did he get 'em, if you didn't send him money?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Grimes, not being on the spot. You'd better tell your man to ask him."

"Well, he said he thought it was all right, though he had no idea how Tommy came to make so good a jump."

"Oh, he's great on the bounce—born that way," chuckled Tommy's father. "His first jump was a good one, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but he was near home. You wait a few days. You'll get a telegram asking for money, you see if you don't."

"Well, I'll see if I do, I suppose," said Bounce, with a laugh, "but all the same I don't think I will."

For a fact, he did not.

By one means and another, best known to himself, Tommy got across the State

line into Nebraska and made for the capital, as being a likely place from which to take a good departure for the extreme West.

One day, having obtained a pretty good ride on cheek, but nothing to eat, they struck a good sized town feeling pretty hungry.

"We'll have to work somebody for our grub, Jim," said Tommy.

"We look pretty respectable yet. Suppose we try and find a good place."

Jim still wore his silk hat, which he had managed to keep polished, his long coat was buttoned to the chin, he had a white handkerchief tied about his neck and he had picked up a pair of black gloves in the train, so that he looked quite ministerial altogether.

"Well, sah, yo' sho' me de place an' I reckon we can w'k it," said he. "I feels kind o' hungry m'self, to tol' yo' de trufe."

They found a hotel restaurant and walked in, their appearance offering no bar to their admittance.

"You don't object to the Senator, I suppose?" said Tommy to the man at the desk, as Jim walked ahead.

"No, sir; not at all, sir," said the clerk, taking in Jim's generally respectable get up. "We would object to an ordinary colored person."

They sat down and when a waiter approached Tommy said in the most engaging manner:

"I want you to give us a good dinner, as we are quite hungry and stand in need of refreshment. You give good dinners here, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, the best in the country. Shall I give you some soup first?"

"If you will."

It was the same with everything.

"Can you give me," Tommy always said as a preliminary to the various courses and the waiter always said he could.

They got to coffee and cheese at last and Tommy felt that a longfelt want had been filled.

There was also a want which the hotel proprietor would like to have filled, but that was another story.

"Come, on, Jim," said Tommy, getting up hurriedly, "you'll have to settle this."

That was more than Jim had expected.

"Fo' goodness sakes, Marse Tommy, how yo' spect I'se gwine ter pay fo' de dinnah?" muttered Jim.

"I don't know, Jim," laughed Tommy. "I'm running my part of it on cheek."

Then he sailed out of the place, waving his hand toward Jim, as he went away, not too hurriedly.

"Fo' Gawge, I didn' fink Marse Tommy'd go back on a po' ol' man lak dat," he murmured. "I'd jus' lak ter know how I'se gwine ter face de boss wifo't any money in m' close!"

However, Jim was full of resources, the same as Tommy.

The waiter put the bill on his plate, expecting a tip, no doubt, and he looked somewhat disappointed when Jim walked away without giving it to him.

Tommy had skipped and so there was nothing to do but put up as good a bluff as possible.

Walking up to the desk, he beamed benevolently upon the clerk and said:

"Yo' make a reduction to de clergy, I 'spects, son?"

The clerk did not expect this, but he said, politely:

"Why, yes, I suppose we might, but I understood that you were a senator."

"Now, why'n't Marse Tommy tol' me dat?" thought Jim, aghast at this new complication.

However, he coughed, looked dignified and said:

"No, sah, I isn't, I belongs to de chu'ch. Dat am on'y a joke ob m' young fren's. Yo' does make a reduction to clergymen, does yo'?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"H'm, abot half, I reckon? Dat am de usual. H'm! wall, dat lets me o't den, an' yo' c'n collec' de price ob our dinnah fo'm m' young fren'. Good morning, sah."

Then Jim started for the door.

The clerk began to think he was being made the victim of a bunco game.

"No, you don't!" he said, starting to come out from behind the desk. "You can't work that gag. I don't believe you're a minister any more than I am. Here, Tom, Billy, Jack, catch that old white-headed snoozer!"

Two or three waiters started forward. It began to look somewhat squally for Mr. Jim Gloom.

However, he had another dodge up his sleeve.

In other days he had been full of resources in making excuses for various disobediences of orders given by Tommy's father.

Suddenly turning and facing the rear of the establishment, he said:

"Gracious me, what am dat? Am dat a fish? Hi, hi, fish!"

Up jumped every customer in the place. The waiters and the cashier all turned and looked toward the supposed fire.

Then Mr. Gloom made a rapid if not dignified exit from the place.

Tommy did not catch up with him for three or four blocks, he went so fast.

"Well, how was it, Jim?" he asked, with a laugh and a grin. "Did you push your face for the amount of the bill?"

"Yas'r, I did," grumbled Jim, puffing from exertion and still keeping up a pretty good gait, "but if I'd tort yo' was gwine ter w'k any such game as dat on me, I'd jus' lambasted yo' good and' hahd, I would, an' I'se a gre't min' ter do it now."

"That's all right, Jim," laughed Tommy, keeping out of the reach of Jim's fist. "Everything goes on this trip, you know."

"De idee ob yo' takin' advantage ob a ol' man lak dat," growled Jim, "makin' me tell lies, too, an' passin' m'self off fo' a pa'son. Why'n't yo' tol' me I was a Senator? How de dooce I know wha' kin' ob a story I had to tell? Wha' yo' wan' ter make me o't a liah lak dat fo', huh?"

"Oh, you want to know what sort of a lie you're expected to tell in advance, do you?" and Tommy shook. "Well, I guess you're equal to almost any, James."

"Wha's de good ob eatin' a fine dinnah lak dat ef yo's gotter run aftah it an' gibe yo'self indigestium?" sputtered Jim.

"Mought jus' as well habe a col' han'out ef I'se gotter spoil de effects aftah."

"What do you want, a cigar and a creme de menthe after your free dinner?" chuckled Tommy. "It's a wonder you didn't take the spoons and napkins."

"Reckon I did take a napkin, by mistake, ob co'se," said Jim, "but spoons am de limit. Yo' fink I wan's ter get in de lock-up, Marse Tommy, stealin' spoons?"

Well, they reached Lincoln at length by longer or shorter journeys on passenger, freight and cattle trains, and then Tommy proceeded to look about him for means to continue his journey.

After thinking matters over, he resolved upon a master stroke of cheek, one which might almost be called moral courage, it was so bold.

Going into the offices of the Union Pacific railroad, he asked to see the division superintendent, who was a pretty big man.

He was shown into the magnate's office, after a short delay, and was asked what he wished.

"I want a pass from here to Cheyenne over your railroad for myself and traveling companion, a colored servant," said Tommy, boldly.

The railroad dignitary looked somewhat surprised at the size of the request from a boy and a total stranger and said:

"What particular reason is there that you should want a pass?"

"The most particular one is that I want to get to Cheyenne and that I don't want to walk and haven't any money," said Tommy.

"That's pretty good," laughed the other. "You are frank, to say the least. You are poor, then, and wish the road to carry you home free?"

"No, I ain't. Pop's rich and I will be some day. I've got money at home, but not in my clothes. There isn't any charity

about it. I simply want you to give me a pass."

"To Cheyenne, you said?"

"Yes. If I had the gall I'd ask for one to San Francisco, but I haven't."

"You're modest," and the railroad magnate laughed.

"No, I ain't," said Tommy. "I really want lots more than that, but my cheek has its limits. I have to go on instalments. Later on I may brace some one else for another pass."

"And if you are refused?"

"Then I'll walk or beat my way."

"Then I suppose I might as well give you the pass?"

"It'll save worriment to the conductors and brakemen."

The man laughed and said:

"How shall I make it out?"

"To Tommy Bounce and Jim Gloom. Jim wouldn't like being called 'and one,' so you'd better fill him in."

"But why do you beat your way if you have money? Running away from home?"

"No. Pop said I could make my way across the country on cheek and his friend said I couldn't, and there's a bet on it."

"And you want me to help you win it?"

"Sure."

The superintendent laughed and said:

"But this is begging. Isn't that contrary to your bet?"

"No, it isn't. I'm not asking you for money. Passes don't cost you anything. I'm just working my cheek, that's all. You don't have to give it to me. You can fire me out if you like. That doesn't cut any ice. I've been fired before. Say, give me the pass so I can take a sneak."

The superintendent laughed harder than ever and said:

"Well, you are cheeky and no mistake."

"Yes, I told you that myself. Do I get the pass?"

"Yes."

The railroad mogul sat down, wrote out, signed, stamped and handed over to Tommy a pass for two as specified.

"That's all right. I've got it," said Tommy.

"But aren't you going to thank me for it?"

"No. If I do, then you're doing me a favor, see? If I don't, I'm taking it the same as I'd take a ride without buying my ticket. Good day!"

Then Tommy skipped out, the laughter of the superintendent ringing in his ears.

He found Jim waiting for him and said:

"Come on, Jim; we're going to skip; train's waiting."

Tommy went to the station, flashed his pass and got on board a Pullman.

Jim expected to see him fired.

He wasn't.

He picked out a good section and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

By and by the Pullman conductor came along.

Tommy showed his pass and said:

"That's us. I'm Tommy Bounce and this is Jim Gloom."

"Yes, but why did you not take this to an ordinary train? This is an express and limited."

"Well, I'm not an ordinary fellow and my cheek is unlimited. The pass is good, ain't it?"

"Certainly."

"No trains are specified?"

"No."

"It says to pass me and Jim over the road, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Tommy Bounce. I've got my name on my shirt band. Jim's got his on his face, haven't you, Jim?"

"My name am Mistah Jeems Gloom, Esquiah, Marse Tommy, when I'se trabin' in dish yer style an' I don't wan' yo' ter fo'get it."

"There you are," said Tommy. "We are identified."

"That's all right," said the conductor, "but the Pullman company gets an extra rate from persons traveling in its cars, and passes are just the same as tickets."

"It doesn't get it from me," grinned Tommy. "I haven't got a cent."

"How in thunder did you get a pass?" laughed the man with the punch and the nobby uniform.

"Worked my face for it," said Tommy, as good naturedly as ever. "Come, get a move on you and don't take up the company's time. You've got too much to do. This section isn't engaged by any one else, is it? I didn't think it was."

"No," and the conductor passed on, laughing to split.

Their journey would take the better part of a day and it was quite the thing that they should eat during that period.

There was a dining car on the train and the question was how to patronize it without reimbursing the gentleman in charge.

Tommy undertook to settle this.

When the hour of the first meal arrived the cheeky traveler hid himself to the dining room on wheels, accompanied by his faithful servitor.

They took seats and when the colored hiring who served the guests at the perambulating tables approached with rather a supercilious sneer upon his face at sight of one of his own race sitting at a table, Tommy remarked blandly:

"This gentleman was once a porter in a palace car, now he owns a railroad. You may do the same. You have no objection to

serving such a distinguished person, I presume?"

"No, sah, not at all, sah; wha' would yo' lak, sah?" returned the colored gentleman, all smiles.

They at to satisfy royalty itself.

Then Tommy called the waiter up and said in a tone of evident embarrassment and of apology as well:

"I know that it is not expected of you gentlemen in waiting to carry small change in large amounts, and that one should provide himself with the exact change, and really it is very remiss upon my part not to have a reasonably small bill in my possession, but could you oblige me by changing a thousand dollar bill?"

The waiter's eyes bulged, his jaws dropped, a look of amazement overspread his ebony features, which turned a mahogany shade and then he answered apologetically:

"I ain't been werry long on de road, sah. Ain' yo' got nuffin smallah?"

"I regret that I have not," said Tommy. That was true enough, for he had not.

Neither had he said that he had a bill for one thousand dollars.

He had simply asked the very simple question if the man had change for a note of that denomination.

"I'll ask de cashier, sah, but I don't reckon he am got it."

"Very well," said Tommy.

Presently the man returned.

"He say he ain't got it an' how fah am yo' gwine."

"To Cheyenne."

"A' right, sah, don't yo' worry. He'll get it befo' den. It am werry embarrassin' to be placed in such a position an' I appreciate yo' embarrassin' sah."

The waiter expected a big tip from a man who carried thousand dollar bills in his clothes and acted accordingly.

Jim had gone back to the regular coach or his surprise at the mention of so large a sum might have given the thing away.

Tommy ate and slept like a lord on that journey.

Nobody could do too much for him, it seemed.

Finally they reached Cheyenne.

Tommy alighted with neatness and despatch.

Then came the head waiter of the dining car to him.

Porters and waiters were not far behind.

"De cashier say he kin change de bill now, sah," the head waiter said.

"Oh, but I haven't one," said Tommy, smilingly. "I merely wanted to know if he could change it, that's all. I really wondered if he carried as much money as that with him."

The waiter's look of chagrin communicated itself to the faces of the numerous tip expecters.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Baseball Notes.

By "ED."

I have prepared a few rules for guidance on the baseball field. I have never tried them myself, but I have a friend who did.

If he wasn't dead he would probably testify to their merits. I am now getting sued for damages by his parents, but I don't care. Pie is still five cents a slice.

RULE FIRST.—Umpires.—Always select an umpire who has no friends. If he renders a decision unfavorable to your nine you can then break his head with impunity. Some folks prefer impunity, but a bat is better; it does the job up quicker.

RULE SECOND.—The Pitcher.—The chief aim of the pitcher is to put the ball where the batter don't want it. Hit him in the eye, bust his nose, knock his ear off, but don't put the ball where he can hit it.

If possible, toss the ball once in a while among the crowd. If you lame a little boy for life it will teach him not to go to ball matches when he might have gone and read his Sunday school book to a stone-deaf infidel.

RULE THIRD.—The Batsman.—The batsman should always get as much possible ground as he can between his legs. He should spit on his hands invariably before he grasps the bat, and call the pitcher a bloody old duffer. This insures his getting good balls and pleases the pitcher.

The batter's chief aim is to kill one of the bystanders. If he can't do it with the ball, let him fire the bat promiscuously among the crowd. It will give him elbow-room and help the poor doctors along.

RULE FOUR.—Short Stop.—The only use of this player is to get into everybody's way, and render himself an invaluable nuisance.

RULE FIFTH.—The Basemen.—Basemen must keep as far away from their bases as possible.

They should always try to put a baserunner out. A good way to do this is to knock him down with a rock first and then touch him with the ball.

If the umpire says "not out" walk in to the home plate, and tell him that he don't know anything about the game, that he is a red-headed son of a gun, and that you'll kick the whole neck off of him after the game is over.

RULE SIXTH.—The Fielders.—A fielder should always stoop over, with his hands on his pants, and chew grass. We never saw a fielder yet that didn't chew grass, and that reminds us that Nebuchadnezzar must have been a bully old fielder. He chewed grass for forty years. Probably baseball wasn't invented then or Nebuchadnezzar might have got his own price.

When you see the ball coming don't try to stop it—you might soil its cover. Watch it as it sails by you and yell, apparently at an unconcerned cow in the background:

"You gimpy-legged muffer, why in thunder don't you stop that ball, you yaller-bellied idiot?"

If by some miraculous accident somebody does create general consternation by catching the ball, throw yourself down upon the grass and growl.

Ask them why in the Pinafore they didn't give you a chance, and intimate that if you couldn't have caught that ball with more style than the man who did, you would pray to be walked over by elephants.

RULE SEVENTH.—The Scorer.—A scorer should be chiefly selected for his ability to swear and smoke the worst cigars possible. He should also be able to do a little funny work with figures, and multiply all runs made by his favorite club by threes. He should never have the faintest idea who was out last, or whose turn it is to go to the bat.

GENERAL RULES.

Always swear.

Chew as much tobacco as possible and spit as frequently as you can.

If you are "outs" blackguard the "ins."

Call the man at the bat a "wooden man," or "a cigar sign." Tell him that his breath is bad and that his feet smell. If he gets mad and can't hit it is not your fault. He should not be nervous.

If you are a basemen and a baserunner falls down, step on to his hand as heavily as possible with your spiked shoes. If you drive the spikes a couple of inches into his flesh it will purify his blood and teach him to play ball in cast-iron gloves.

Break all the bats possible—especially of the other club. It shows how strong you are, and maybe half of the bat may fly off and kill the catcher.

Always sass the umpire. Call him a "broken-nosed galoot," "a paralyzed gawk," "a no good sucker," and hint that his name is mud and he lives in a gutter. You are safe in doing this, as he can't leave his post and run over the field after you.

By following these rules, in time you will become an A 1 ball tosser, and the pet of the ball ground.

That is, if you ain't planted in a burying ground before you've played two games.

Next Week! "333"; or, The Boy Without a Name." By Gaston Garne.

DICK DAREALL.

(Continued from page 8.)

"Keep your distance," Dick cried. "If you try to crowd up close we'll fire."

It is doubtful if the words were understood, but the frowning muzzles of the revolvers and the determined looks upon the faces of the youths were understood, and the natives kept at a respectful distance. They glared anger and hatred at the daring youths, however, and jabbered rapidly and excitedly in their outlandish language.

The only word the fellows spoke that the boys understood was the word "Yankees," and the way the Filipinos ground out the word proved that it was a hateful one to them.

"Oh, we'll 'Yankee' you if you don't keep your distance," said Dick, grimly. And then to his companion:

"It looks as if we were in a pretty bad fix, Mark. What shall we do?"

"I don't know, Dick. Of course, I should like to get out of this if possible, yet think of those poor girls. I should hate to go away and leave them to their fate. They're in this building somewhere."

"That's true, without doubt. I should hate to go away without the girls, but if we were to escape we could come back again."

That was true, but to escape was the difficulty. The natives kept closing in upon the youths and causing them to give ground first in one direction then in another, until finally the boys were at a point well toward the back of the room. Then, suddenly and without warning, a trapdoor opened beneath the feet of Dick and Mark and they dropped through an opening in the floor and fell to another floor at least fifteen feet below. They were not expecting anything of the kind, of course, and the shock was very severe. They were not seriously injured, however, and struggled to their feet and looked up, to see a circle of fiercely triumphant faces looking down upon them through the trapdoor opening.

The trapdoor closed with a click, and just as it did so a girl's shrill scream came to the ears of the boys, seemingly coming from somewhere above.

The youths looked at each other in dismay.

"Did you hear that, Dick?" asked Mark, in a subdued voice.

Dick nodded. "Yes," he said, "the girls are somewhere in this building and we must rescue them, Mark."

"I'm willing to do all I can, Dick, but I'm afraid it's a slim chance. If I'm any judge, we'll have about all we can do to save ourselves," and he glanced about at the encompassing stone walls.

Dick took a look around, too, and then, with a sigh, said:

"I'm afraid you're right, Mark."

CHAPTER V.

THE LONG LADDER.

The boys stared at each other blankly.

"Well, this isn't just the most pleasant situation in the world," said Mark. "I've been in places I would rather be than here before now."

"And I, too, Mark. However, let's get to work and see if we can't find some way to get out of here."

"Go ahead, Dick; I'll follow," said Mark, who seemed to have more confidence in Dick than in himself.

"All right; come on," and Dick made his way to one side of the room, where a stairway led downward, and went downstairs, Mark following.

At the bottom was a door, which was not locked, and Dick opened it. Quite a large room was beyond, and the boys entered it. It was merely a cellar, but there were neither windows nor doors at the sides, the only means of egress being by the doorway at which they had entered and by another at the bottom of a flight of stairs at the opposite end of the room similar to the flight they had come down.

The only light that reached this cellar came through this doorway, and Dick let the door remain open so as to have the benefit of this light, which was, however, very dim at best.

"Come," he said, and led the way down the second stairway.

At the bottom was another door, which, like the other, was not locked, and he opened this and peered through the doorway to see what was beyond.

The boys saw enough to convince them that this room was another like the one they were in, only it gave signs of being larger.

Dick hesitated.

"I should like to explore that room," he said, "but it can't be done in the dark. I wish we had a lantern."

"I've got a newspaper here if you have a match. We could twist the paper up and it would burn quite a while."

"Just the thing, Mark. I have some matches. Give me the paper."

Mark handed Dick the paper and the youth twisted it up and lighted one end. It made quite a good light, and the boys stepped through the doorway into the next room unhesitatingly.

They had taken perhaps a dozen steps when Mark uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Good heavens, Dick! Look!" he cried.

"Look at the snakes and things."

Dick looked and then glanced behind. The snakes were there, too—in fact they formed a complete circle around the boys.

Among the snakes were scorpions and giant centipedes. It was a horrible, a gruesome sight.

"They won't come close so long as we have a light," said Dick. "Come ahead. Let's see if we can find some way out of here."

The boys moved slowly forward, the snakes and centipedes retiring and making way for them, but closing in behind and squirming and hissing at a great rate.

Slowly across the room the boys made their way, and finally they came to a solid stone wall. Turning to the right, Dick led the way along the wall for a distance of perhaps fifteen feet and then stopped and uttered an exclamation.

"Great Scott, Mark, look there!" he cried.

"What does that mean?"

A small iron ladder extended up the side of the wall, and, holding the torch above his head Dick peered upward, Mark doing likewise.

Beginning at the floor five or six feet above their heads, an opening similar to an elevator shaft stretched upward farther than the light of the torch extended, and the iron ladder stretched up as far as they could see.

Dick glanced down at his paper torch. It was almost burned out.

"Haven't another paper, have you, Mark?" he asked.

"No; that was the only one I had."

"Well, what shall we do, go back, or climb this ladder? The torch is about gone and we will have to do one or the other or else be left in the dark, at the mercy of the snakes."

"Let's climb the ladder, Dick. We can't get out the way we came, we know, and this way there may be a chance. Let's go up the ladder."

"All right, up it is. Follow me," and Dick began climbing the ladder, still holding the torch, but as soon as Mark was a few feet from the floor Dick threw the remnant of burning paper down among the snakes, which had rushed forward in a

body when they saw their prey escaping them.

The bit of torch fell right among the serpents and caused a great stir, the torch burning them and causing them to writhe, twist and hiss at a great rate.

Then the torch went out, leaving all in total darkness.

To say that the situation of Dick and Mark was anything but a pleasant one is stating it mildly. To go back, to set foot on the floor below would be sure death from the bites of the venomous reptiles; to go upward meant—what?

They had no means of knowing what, of course, but that danger lurked at the upper end of that ladder they were confident.

Still they could do nothing else, so they began the ascent.

Slowly and carefully they climbed upward. Dick tested every round of the ladder before trusting his weight upon it, for a fall to the floor below would be sure death.

It was a nerve-trying ordeal, this climbing upward through the darkness to an unknown fate, and boys less brave morally as well as physically would scarcely have been equal to the task.

Up! up! they climbed, until it seemed to the youths as if they had ascended a mile. Up, and ever up, until at last, just as they had begun to think there was no end to the ladder, the end was reached.

Dick had no difficulty in knowing when the end was reached, for he struck his head against something so severely as to make it ache, and, feeling above, he found that he had come to what was evidently the floor of a room.

And there they were! The boys had hoped to find an opening of some kind at the end of the ladder, but nothing of the kind existed. The ladder ended against a floor, but did not extend through it, nor was there, so far as Dick could discover, a trapdoor.

"What's the matter?" asked Mark. "Can't go any further," replied Dick. "I've come to a solid floor, and here we are, up a stump."

"Up a ladder, you mean, Dick," said Mark, who had to have his joke, even though the boys' situation was one anything but conducive to joking.

"I thought it queer that those fellows would put us in a place and leave us free to walk away, if this ladder led to freedom. They knew we could not escape by climbing it."

"Maybe they thought the snakes would finish us if we tried to go through the room below," suggested Mark. "There may be some way of escaping after all. Feel about in every direction. Can you reach the wall behind you?"

"Can just touch it with the tips of my fingers, Mark. I'm afraid there is no way of getting out from this end of the ladder."

"And we can't go back through the room where the snakes are without a light. The snakes would bite us, sure."

"That's so. Well, I don't know what to—sh!"

Both boys became still as death, and listened intently. To their surprise, and no little to their delight, they heard voices.

The voices were not loud, but were fairly distinct, and Dick climbed up as high on the ladder as he could, and, placing his ear as close to the floor above as possible, listened for some time in silence.

Then he spoke to Mark, a thrill of delight in his voice:

"It's the girls, Mark," he cried. "They're in a room right above us."

"Great Scott, Dick, is that so? Say, can't you attract their attention? Knock on the floor. Maybe they can render us some assistance. Maybe they can pry up the boards so we can crawl up through."

"Good suggestion, Mark. I'll try it," and Dick struck the floor several times with his clenched fist.

The voices ceased instantly and then Dick pounded on the floor again.

All was silent above for some time and then Dick pounded on the floor again.

Then slow, hesitating footsteps were heard. They approached and finally stopped at a point nearly above Dick.

He pounded again, and in reply came a voice, evidently that of one of the girls, for it was feminine and the language was English:

"Who is there?" came the inquiry. "What is wanted?"

The voice sounded quite distinct, and it was evident that the girl had stooped down and placed her mouth close to the floor.

"The two Americans who chased the men who brought you here," replied Dick, promptly. "We are on a ladder, but cannot reach you unless you can help us. Is there a trapdoor in the floor?"

"No, the floor is solid," came the reply.

"And is there nothing you can get hold of with which to pry up some of the planks?"

"Wait, I'll see," was the reply, and the girl was heard hastening to the spot.

Then the boys heard the eager, excited voices of the girls in conversation, and presently the footsteps of both girls were heard approaching.

Then a pounding noise at regular intervals, as if some heavy bar was being jammed down against the boards, was heard, and at last this was followed by a splintering noise, and a board was seen to move slowly upward. The girls were

prying the board up. They were succeeding.

It was slow work, but Dick aided all he could by pushing up against the boards from the under side, and finally two boards were torn up, which was sufficient for the purpose, and Dick climbed up through, Mark following closely.

"Thank God!" cried one of the girls. "We feared we were lost! Oh, I am so glad you have come to rescue us!"

"And we are equally glad you came to rescue us!" said Dick, smiling. "We were in a terrible predicament, I assure you."

"Yes, but you got into it in trying to be of service to us," one of the girls said. "We are glad to have been able to aid you."

"Perhaps we had better replace the boards," said Dick, and he and Mark did so. Then the boys turned to the girls.

"The question now is, how are we going to get out of this place?" said Dick. "Could you girls show us out the way you came in?"

"I think so," replied one; "but I do not think we could go that way, as we would encounter lots of those people and we could not get away."

"Nevertheless we shall try to do so," said Dick, and he started toward the door, only to start back in dismay as he heard a key rattle in the lock.

"God help us. They are coming now!" cried one of the girls.

Dick and Mark drew their revolvers and stood silent and motionless, ready for attack or defense.

CHAPTER VI.

"DICK DAREALL, THE YANKEE BOY SPY."

The key rattled for a few moments and then the knob turned, the door opened and one of the men who had abducted the girls entered the room.

As his eyes fell upon the boys standing there with leveled revolvers the man stopped stark still, as if turned to stone, and stared with blanched face and bulging eyes. Only for an instant, however, and then suddenly recovering from his astonishment he uttered a yell of terror, and, leaping backward through the doorway, jerked the door to. Then the grating of the key told that the door was locked again.

"Too bad," said Dick, regretfully. "We ought to have made a prisoner of that fellow. Now he'll go off and sound the alarm and we'll be besieged by a score in a few minutes."

"That's so," assented Mark. "Well, it's too late for regrets now."

"Perhaps there may be some other way of escaping besides that way," one of the girls suggested.

"We'll see," said Dick. "I hope there is."

Then he and Mark began a rapid examination of the room. They found a door which led into a hallway and decided that they would see where it went to, if no better avenue of escape presented itself. Then they looked out of the windows, only to realize that escape in that direction was hopeless, as it was at least sixty feet to the ground and there were no ladders at the side of the building.

"We'll have to try the passageway, Mark," said Dick, and at that moment the sound of many and hurried footsteps were heard on the stairs leading to the doorway through which the Filipino had entered and disappeared in such haste a few minutes before.

"The fellow has given the alarm and they are coming in force to do us up," said Mark, excitedly.

"You're right, Mark," assented Dick.

"Well, there's only one thing for us to do—take to the passageway, yonder. Come, girls; we'll put capture off as long as possible, anyway."

The girls were greatly excited, were pale with fear, but they had their wits about them, and when Dick led the way to the doorway they followed promptly.

Opening the door, Dick motioned the girls to enter, which they did, and then he and Mark followed and closed the door just as the other door was heard to open. As luck would have it there was a key in the lock and Dick turned it, locking the door.

"Now, go on," he said to the girls. "Don't stop, but follow the passageway, no matter where it leads to. It means death to Mark and I and recapture for you girls to have those fellows overtake us."

The girls started along the hallway at a rapid pace at once and the boys kept close behind. Soon they came to the end of the passageway. There was a door here, and, opening this, a stairway leading upward was revealed.

"Great Scott, still upward?" cried Dick, in dismay. "I had hoped the first stairs we came to would lead downward. Well," as sounds of pounding was heard upon the door at the other end of the hallway, "we must get somewhere, so up it is."

Stepping through, the girls started on up the stairs, while the boys stopped to lock the door. This done, Dick and Mark followed hastily.

The stairway was short and at the top another passageway stretched away before them. The four hastened along this and presently came to another door, which, upon being opened, revealed another stair-

way. It, too, led upward, and Dick uttered a groan of dismay.

"It is to be always upward?" he cried. "We must get down to the level of the street in some way."

"Yes, but how?" asked Mark. "We'll have to let that take care of itself for the present. Just now we will have all we can do to keep clear of those scoundrels, be our course up or down."

"That's true as preaching," said Dick, as a pounding was heard upon the door they had locked only a few moments before. "They've broken down the first door and are at the second. Onward and upward, girls! That is considered a good motto, but just at present we are following it more from necessity than choice."

The girls hastened up the stairs and the boys closed and locked this door as they had the others. Then they ascended the stairs and found the girls in a small, square room. There was a door at the opposite side, but no windows. Opening the door, Dick was overjoyed to note that a stairway was there and that it led downward.

"Thank goodness, we have reached the top at last," he cried. "Now we will begin the descent."

At this instant a crash was heard in the direction from which they had just come and then the sound of hurrying feet and excited voices.

"They have broken the door down and are coming!" cried Mark. "Shall we fight them here, Dick?"

"We'll put the fighting off as long as possible, Mark," he said. "When it comes to the fighting, we will have to kill some of them, and I don't want to do that if I can help it."

Then he turned to the girls.

"Quick! through the doorway and down the stairs," he cried, and the girls hastened to obey, the boys following. They paused long enough to close and lock this door also.

"They'll have to break down two doors this time," said Dick, "and that will give us a better start."

They were soon at the bottom of the stairs, and, opening the door, there passed into a room about the size of the one above. There were two doors besides the one at which they had entered in this room, and one was at each side, and not in the front, as they had been heretofore.

Dick tried one. It was locked. The key was gone, too. Mark meanwhile had tried the other door and found the same condition prevailing there.

The youths stared at each other in dismay. Were they to be caught like rats in a trap?

It looked very much like it.

Again they tried the doors—without avail. The doors could not be opened.

Then a crashing noise was heard above them. The natives had burst in one of the doors. The other would go in a moment, and then the scoundrels would swarm down the stairs, and be upon them. Realizing this, Dick sprang and closed and locked the door opening into the room they were in. At the same instant a second crash was heard above. The natives had burst down the other door.

Then the scoundrels were heard descending the stairs.

"Stand guard, Mark," cried Dick. "Shoot the first man that enters the room if they burst the door," and then the youth drew back, and, running across the floor swiftly, hurled himself against the door on the right with all his might.

The door creaked and quivered, but did not go down, and Dick was flung back, jarred considerably. Undismayed, however, he tried again, and this time the door was sprung very considerably, but still stood. A third time Dick made the trial, and this time the door was burst open and Dick disappeared through the opening and went tumbling head over heels down a flight of stairs. Thump! he struck the door at the bottom, bursting it from its hinges, and the youth brought up on the floor, where he lay for a few seconds, partially stunned. Mark and the girls hastened after Dick and reached his side just as the Filipinos burst down the one door that remained between them and the fleeing Americans.

"Quick! up and away, Dick, or we are lost!" cried Mark, shaking his friend, and Dick struggled to his feet just as the Filipinos came into view at the head of the stairs. Quickly drawing his revolver, Mark fired up the stairway, and the shot was greeted with a loud shriek from one of the natives. Mark's bullet had found its mark. Instantly the Filipinos leaped back and out of sight, fearing another shot, and the youths took advantage of the opportunity to try a door which was at one side to see if it would open. It came open easily, and the girls passed through the doorway, the youths following quickly. This door had a key and it was quickly turned.

Before them stretched a hall and along this they hastened. At the end of the hall was a door, which opened easily, and they passed through and closed and locked the door behind them. They heard no sounds of the Filipinos. Evidently Mark's shot had had a good effect.

A pair of stairs was before them, and these were descended at once. At the foot

of the stairs they passed through another doorway, and the boys closed and locked the door. Still no sounds of the pursuing Filipinos.

"Oh, I hope and pray that we may escape," breathed one of the girls, and the other echoed the prayer.

"I think we shall succeed in doing so, miss," said Dick, pleasantly. "We should be near the level of the street now, and once out upon the street, I think we shall be safe."

They made their way along another hallway and down still another pair of stairs, and then, to the delight of all, they saw, through a window at one side of the room they were now in, the hurrying feet of passersby upon the street.

They were in a semi-basement and at one side a short flight of stairs led to the street.

"Thank God!" breathed Dick, and then he turned to his companions. "You girls had better each take an arm of my friend and myself," he said. "Take the left arm and that will leave our right free to use in case of necessity."

The girls did as directed and then Dick and one of the girls took the lead, Mark and the other following, and the four made their way up the stairs and stepped through an open doorway onto the street.

Passing Filipinos eyed the couples curiously, but no one made a move to molest them, and they moved away down the street, Dick heading, as well as he could guess it, toward the water front.

It was a long, tiresome walk they had, and not being able to speak the language of the people about them, they could ask no questions as to which way to go. As a result they wandered here and there, this way and that for several hours before striking the right direction. Finally, however, they got a glimpse of the blue waters of the bay from a high point, and bearing the direction in mind, they succeeded, half an hour later, in reaching the docks.

As luck would have it, a boat from one of the warships was just preparing to leave the dock, and, on hearing the boys' story, the four were taken aboard.

The girls gave their names as Sadie Gurney and Mabel Pitchener and said they belonged on board a hospital ship, where their mothers were nurses, and they were taken and put aboard the vessel at once, where they were received with delight by their mothers, who had been very anxious regarding the girls' safety, the two midshipmen having returned and reported the circumstance of the abduction of the girls. A searching party was even now up in the city looking for them.

"We owe our escape to these two brave boys," Sadie said, and then Dick and Mark came in for extravagant thanks from the girls' mothers.

They got away as quickly as they could, however, but were forced to promise to call at the ship and see the girls.

Soon they were at camp and Colonel Funston looked them over with a frown and asked rather severely where they had been.

"The rest of your party have been back several hours," he said, in conclusion.

Then Dick explained all, and the colonel's anger changed to admiration.

"By Jove! you boys are all right, after all!" he exclaimed, and then he started, as if struck by a sudden thought, and looked the boys over carefully, his gaze finally dwelling upon the bright, intelligent face of Dick Dareall.

"Dick," he said, impressively, "do you love your country?"

Dick bowed.

"I do, sir," he replied.

"Enough to risk your life in her service?"

Dick bowed again.

"That is what I am here for, sir."

"Good!" cried Funston. "I think you'll do, Dick. Come with me."

Colonel Funston turned and strode away and Dick followed without a word.

The colonel made straight for the tent of General Lawton, and, reaching it, entered, followed by Dick.

"General," said Funston, as a man who had been reclining in a hammock arose to a sitting posture and glanced up inquiringly, "a while ago you asked me if I had in my regiment a shrewd, bright, brave man who would be willing to act as a spy for our army and I told you no. That was the truth; I have no man whom I could recommend offhand for such a position, but I have here a boy who I think will just fill the bill."

"General Lawton, this is Dick Dareall, and I believe he would be a success as a spy, because he is shrewd, bright, brave and has the health, strength and vigor of youth to sustain him in the exposure and hardships incident to the work that has to be done by a spy."

General Lawton gazed searchingly at the youth, who met the gaze unflinchingly. Evidently he was impressed in Dick's favor, for he muttered half to himself:

"A typical 'Yankee' boy; bright, brave, discreet!" Then aloud:

"Dick Dareall, eh? 'Dick Dareall, the Yankee Boy Spy!' That sounds first rate, doesn't it? Well, Dick, do you think you would like to be a spy?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

What Were They For?

By FRANCIS W. DOUGHTY.

What foolishness it would seem if some one were to predict that the day will come when New York shall have been destroyed and forgotten; when adventurers from the other side of the globe shall discover the two tall towers of the Brooklyn Bridge—the bridge itself having vanished long previous—and ask themselves the question: "What were they for?"



FIG. 1.—THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

Yet there is nothing either impossible or improbable in such a thought, if the old adage that "history repeats itself," is true. There are many monuments existing of races quite as rich and prosperous as those who inhabit Europe and America at present—races whose cities have utterly vanished, whose very names have been forgotten. We look upon the relics of bygone ages with wonder, and ask ourselves the same question: "What were they for?"

Take for instance the pyramids of Egypt, monuments compared with which those bridge towers are mere toys. We illustrate them in Figure 1, but they are so well known that no particular description is necessary.

It is generally claimed that these pyramids were built by the ancient Egyptians 4,000 years ago, but there is strong evidence to show that in the days of the most ancient Egyptian of whom we have any record that the pyramids stood precisely where they stand now.

What were they for?

No one knows. They have been called tombs by some, treasure houses by others, while that they were constructed for purposes of astronomical observation is claimed by others still.

For 4,000 years they have stood on the banks of the Nile, and from present appearances there is no reason why they should not stand there for 4,000 years to come, but no one will ever be able to answer the question: "What were they for?"

In England, France and other parts of Europe there are places where huge flat stones have been planted upright in circles. Cronlechs these circles are called, and antiquarians have endeavored in vain to prove what they were for.

In the Western States we have vast mounds of earth, some oblong, some peaked, others in the form of birds and

well proved that even the Indians are comparatively new comers in our land.

In Europe there exists strong evidence to prove that man lived thousands upon thousands of years ago, passing through many periods before the age of modern civilization was begun.

We know this because we find buried in the earth the relics which these primitive people have left behind them. Glance at Figure 2 and you will see one which has a strange story to tell.

This object is a stone used by primitive man for polishing the weapons which were used in war and the chase.

It was discovered in France in 1860 by a gentleman named Leguay. It is a piece of rough sand stone 37 inches long by 21 wide and 13 thick.

In the centre is a depression 25 inches long, 12 inches wide and fully an inch deep, while surrounding it are other depressions of smaller size and similar shape.

What was it for?

When we come to study it the use of this stone is plain enough, because there have been discovered polished stones by thousands, some of which may have been formed in these very holes.

It was for making stone hatchets, spear heads and arrows that this object was



FIG. 3.—ANCIENT STONE POLISHERS AT WORK.

fashioned. There can be no doubt whatever as to what it was for.

Figure 3 shows us a group of men engaged in this stone polishing business. Of course the picture is to a certain extent fanciful. It was not taken by "our special artist" on the spot, but there is plenty of evidence existing to justify its production. There is no doubt that just such a scene has been photographed thousands of times.

In the centre one tall figure stands holding a stone hatchet attached to a wooden handle. Precisely such hatchets have been found. On the right are men engaged in polishing stones upon a block precisely similar to the one shown in Figure 2, while scattered about are other individuals busy at different parts of the work.

But these stone implements are by no means the only ones found buried deep in European soil.

Then, in addition to those of stone, we have others of bronze and iron, all so ancient that history has

no record of the period when they were in use.

The employment of metal instead of stone must have marked a distinct period in the history of man.

There is but little doubt that gold was the first metal with which man became acquainted. Its glittering brightness would be likely to attract the eye where metal of a duller appearance would be passed over. After gold probably came copper, and later tin, while iron, from its dull, unattractive appearance, was slow in coming into use.

The bronze weapons found scattered

over Europe are found of a mixture of copper and tin. It seems strange that the first metal to come into general use should have been a mixed one, but such is undoubtedly the fact.

In America it is different. Here no tin of any value has ever been discovered, but copper in plenty. The result is just what under the circumstances might have been expected. The earliest American metal implements are of pure copper—not bronze.

Figure 4 gives a very correct idea of the class of articles which these ancient people have left behind them. They are from the tombs of Hallstadt, a town in Austria, and certainly display an artistic skill scarcely to be looked for in objects so old.

The first which we shall consider is the bronze necklace with pendants, shown on the left. Of course it is shown in greatly reduced size, but the display of taste is marked, and its production must have required no mean skill.

The bracelet on the right is of ruder workmanship. These bracelets have been found by hundreds. Sometimes they have pendants attached to them, precisely like the bangles worn by girls at the present day; another very common object is a necklace made of amber beads.

The bronze dishes at the top of our engraving really present quite a modern appearance. They are composed of several pieces skilfully riveted together, but not soldered. From the same tombs have been taken the remains of pottery, gold ornaments and ivory in great abundance, which proves that there must have been elephants somewhere within reach.

But the most interesting discovery of all in these tombs was that of the skeleton of one of the men of that day, which we picture in Figure 5.

Many skeletons were taken from these tombs, all of which had been partly burned. Sometimes only the head remained, sometimes the whole bust, then again it was only the lower limbs.

Of the one shown in our picture there is left only the head and legs, with a few scattering bones off to one side. The three large round objects on the left are earthen vessels containing ashes—probably the burned parts of the body. The smaller objects found lying between the skull and legs are snail shells, probably deposited in the tomb at a later date. The circular object seen just above the legs is a bronze belt which at one time encircled this ancient individual's waist.

The custom of burying a man's personal ornaments with him appears to have been as ancient as time itself.

For the historian this is most fortunate, for it has given him the opportunity of studying the manners and customs of races which history has forgotten to mention and concerning whom, otherwise, nothing could possibly be known.

In one of these tombs the forearm bone of a man was discovered some years since, encircled by twenty-five bronze bracelets. That fellow may safely be set down as a prehistoric dude.

But it is not necessary to go to Europe to find such things as these. Mounds of earth and ruins of strange buildings are quite as plenty in America, and here as there we find learned men asking each other the question: "What were they for?"

Why, even in the City of New York such discoveries have been made within the year just passed. Figure 6 shows some of the results, being a group of stone implements taken from a prehistoric mound on the banks of the Harlem, and when we look at them the old question arises: "What were they for?"

There can be but one answer. The upper group are stone hatchets and knives; with the three below the question is more doubtful, but it is believed that they are the implements of a prehistoric tanner, used for dressing skins.

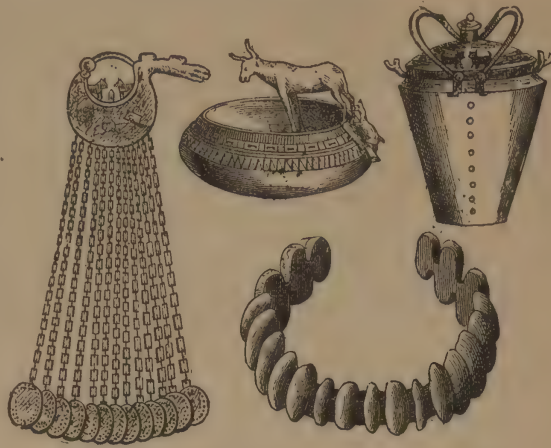


FIG. 4.—ARTICLES FOUND IN THE TOMBS OF HALLSTADT.

These remarkable discoveries were made in the neighborhood of Kingsbridge road and Inwood street, Harlem, in a mound, which, before it was opened, formed a scarcely noticeable object in the vacant lots.

The first thing that excited the suspicion of the archaeologist who unearthed these objects was the finding of some stone arrow heads.

He then began to dig a little and unearthed a few stone axes and some pieces of pottery, which unmistakably showed that more might be expected if he were to carefully examine the mound.

This proved true, for almost as soon as the digging began a skeleton was encountered. It was a man, with a low, rounding forehead, massive jaws, high cheek bones and prominent chin. We picture the skull in the cut.

Shortly after this seven strapping big skeletons were unearthed, and later more than a dozen were taken out. All bore the same general appearance as the one first discovered, and most of them were the remains of men over six feet in height, while one perfect giant measured seven feet six in his bones.

This discovery on the Harlem is one of the most important ever made in this part of the country, though out West it is common enough to find such things.

And again comes the question: "What were they for?"

Why men so savage as the skulls would indicate these must have been were ever permitted to exist it is difficult to divine,

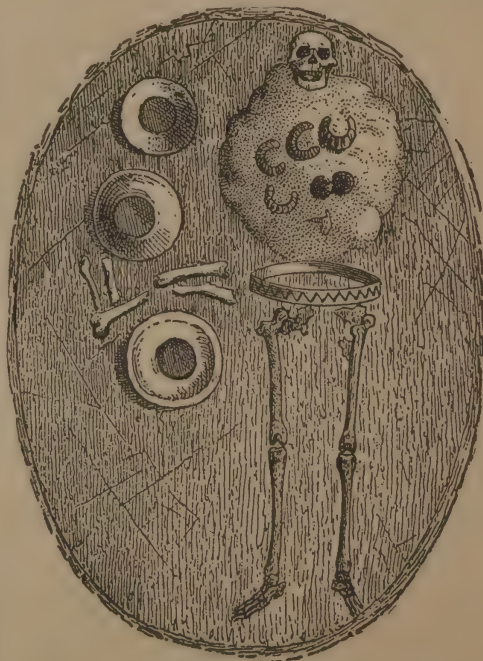


FIG. 5.—A GENTLEMAN OF THE AGE OF BRONZE.

for they were undoubtedly as inferior to the Indians as the redmen are to the civilized whites.

All of which goes to show how little we know about the world's history after all; and who shall say that a race far superior



FIG. 2.—STONE POLISHER.

beasts. Science has been puzzling its brains over them for centuries but finds itself as far as ever from being able to answer the question: "What were they for?"

The fact is there have been periods in this world's history, each separated from the one previous by distinct breaks. It does not seem to have been intended that men of one period should know very much of those of the periods preceding. We talk about America as "the new world," but the truth is America was old and had passed through many such periods before Columbus was born. Indeed it is pretty

to ourselves shall not spring up long after we are dead and forgotten, whose learned men will go poking and prying among the

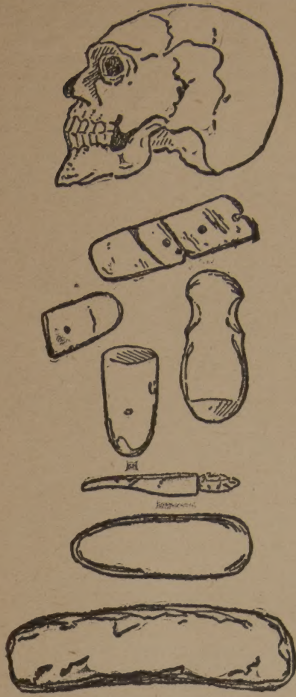


FIG. 6.—STONE IMPLEMENTS FOUND AT HARLEM.

relics we leave behind us, propounding to each other the same old question: "What were they for?"

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Hustling Bob;

OR,

THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "10,000 Miles from Home," "Lost Hopes Mines," "His Own Master," "The Timberdale Twins," etc.

CHAPTER X.

BOB'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Poor Bob stood like one paralyzed in the grasp of the tall man.

His face was as white as a sheet, his voice as he responded was thick and husky. That he was terribly frightened we do not pretend to deny.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Connors, let up on me!" he whispered. "I am living quietly here. I'm doing nobody any harm. Have some mercy and let me go."

The man Connors gave a wicked leer and let go Bob's arm.

"Don't you try to run," he hissed. "You stand where you are, or I'll shout right out and let everyone know what you have been and what you are now."

Bob leaned back against the building and made no attempt to move.

"What do you want of me?" he demanded. "Do you mean to take me back to Janesburg? You have no right to. It is out of the State."

"Haven't I?" sneered the other. "Well, I've got extradition papers signed by the governor in my pocket all right, and a warrant, of course. I guess I can take you out of the State all right. You seem to forget that I am an officer, but I'll tell you one thing, Bob: I didn't come to Brookville expecting to see you."

"Well!"

"Cool as ever. Well, I did see you going into that building and I saw you again when you threw that fellow out. He has told me of the bold game you have been playing here, and—well, I may as well come to the point. There isn't any money in my dragging you back to Janesburg. I'm to be bought off."

"What's your price?" asked Bob, in a husky voice.

"Five hundred dollars."

"Good heavens, Connors! What are you thinking about?"

"Bleeding you, my boy. That's what's weighing heavily on my mind just now. You'll pay all right."

"Never! I am innocent. Still, I can't prove it, and I am as weak as the next one. I'll pay you a hundred dollars to go about your business and let me alone."

It was weak of Bob, but we all have our weakness, and we propose to describe our hero just as he actually was.

Connors gave a chuckling laugh.

"A hundred dollars won't do, my boy,"

he said. "Not by a jugful. I've named my price."

"I can't pay it, and I won't."

"Then I can take you back to Janesburg, and I will."

"We'll see about that. I say you can pay it. I've found out all about you. You are making money hand over fist; if you want to continue it you had better settle with me."

"Never, at that rate. I'll fight first. I've got friends in this town who will stand by me. I'll appeal to them."

"Try it! Try it!" cried Connors, angrily. "How long do you suppose they'll stand by you when they know who and what you are? I'll drag you before the justice of the peace. I'll see the sheriff and fix the thing with him in three minutes. Make terms with me now, or I'll grab you where you stand, and holler right out here in the street."

How can we describe the thoughts which chased each other through the brain of Bob Somers then.

He longed to turn on his tormentor. His fingers fairly itched to "lay him out" then and there, as he could easily have done if he chose.

Is it necessary to say that he didn't dare?

Hardly. Bob was thoroughly frightened now.

"I shall have to give up all idea of buying the quarry," he thought. "I shall have to pay him what he asks; there is no other way."

Then he turned on Connors and said in that same husky voice:

"Well, suppose I give you the five hundred dollars? What guarantee can you give me that you will go about your business and leave me alone, and that I shan't be bothered with you again?"

"I'll give you my word as a gentleman."

"You're not a gentleman, and I wouldn't take your word under oath."

"You are complimentary."

"I'm giving it to you straight, Connors. You've got me in a tight box, I'll admit, but I don't want to get into a worse one. I'd rather abandon all I've got and run away."

"Providing you can get the chance, and that's just what you can't get. Yes or no? I'm going to bring this business to a head right now."

Crowded to the wall, so to speak, poor Bob was just about to yield when all at once who should he see coming toward him down the street but Mr. Wendell.

Like a flash the congressman's last words to him came into his mind:

"If ever you are in trouble, Bob, come to me."

Bob knew of no worse trouble that it was possible for him to get into than he was in now.

"I'll do it!" he determined, and he suddenly broke away from Connors and rushed up to Mr. Wendell.

"Why, Bob! I'm glad to see you!" cried the congressman. "How are you? How have you been? But what on earth ails you? Why, you are as pale as a ghost!"

"I'm in trouble, Mr. Wendell," began Bob. "I want your help. I—"

He knew that Connors was close behind him, and his heart sank as he felt the fellow's grasp upon his arm.

"Hold on, there!" cried Connors, roughly, his red face all the redder with haste and excitement. "I don't know who you are, mister, but I've got something to say about this here boy!"

"Let go of me!" flashed Bob, pulling away. "Mr. Wendell, I—"

"Hold up!" snarled Connors. "Listen to me first off, boss! This boy is a—"

He got no further.

Suddenly, without an instant's warning, he gave a sharp cry and fell all in a heap to the sidewalk.

"Bob! What is this?" cried the congressman, and immediately a crowd began to gather about them.

"I don't know!" gasped Bob. "Oh, Mr. Wendell, stand by me. I'm in deep trouble. This man—"

"Will trouble you no more!" broke in Mr. Wendell. "It's a case of heart disease if I know anything; the man is dead."

Dead!

If a hundred ton weight had suddenly been taken off his head, Bob could scarcely have felt more relieved, for Connors lay stretched upon the sidewalk, and never moved.

CHAPTER XI.

"I'M TRYING TO LIVE IT DOWN."

"Who is he, Bob?"

It was Squire Evans who put the question, for it happened that the squire was coroner at Brookville, and also justice of the peace.

The man who had tried to blackmail Bob was really dead, and the body lay stretched out upon the lounge in the rear of Brynton's drug store.

The doctor had examined it and pronounced the cause of death an old heart trouble. The crowd which had thronged into the drug store had satisfied their curiosity and gone away, and now Dr. Phelps, Squire Evans, Mr. Wendell and Bob stood

there alone in the little room as Mr. Brynton had gone to wait on a customer outside.

Bob was cool enough now, and quite ready for the question which he knew was bound to come.

"His name is Connors," he replied. "He is a Pinkerton detective, and his home, I believe, is in Pittsburgh, Pa. That is all I know about the man."

Squire Evans wrote down the name and Dr. Phelps did the same.

"You didn't get to the bank yet, I suppose?" asked the lawyer, turning to Bob.

"No, sir, I was on my way there when this man stopped me. I'll go now just as soon as I've said a word to Mr. Wendell. I'll be back in the office in a little while."

Squire Evans then withdrew and Dr. Phelps went with him. As soon as they had departed Mr. Wendell, who had been singularly quiet through it all, turned to Bob.

"Well, my boy!" he said, placing his hand on Bob's shoulder, "and what have you got to say to me now?"

"Nothing," replied Bob. "I thought so. The danger departed with that man's life."

"Temporarily, at least, sir," replied Bob, wearily. "It will strike me again, though. I can't escape it. I think I had better leave town."

"Bob!"

"Sir."

"Answer me truly, for I am your friend. You have put me under the deepest obligations to you, and I don't forget. Have you committed any crime?"

"No, sir! As heaven hears me, I have not."

"That's enough. I'll stand by you. My boy, I've got a large-sized skeleton in my own family closet, as you very well know; apparently you also have one in yours. Do you want to take it out and exhibit to me, or do you want to keep it in?"

"I prefer to keep it in, sir, now that there is no necessity for taking it out. You've got your troubles, Mr. Wendell, and I suppose you are fighting against them in your own way. Let me do the same in mine."

"That settles it," said Mr. Wendell. "I shouldn't think of asking one question after that. Step outside here. You don't want anything further to do with this man I presume?"

"Indeed I don't, sir. He was my most bitter enemy."

"That's enough. The words you spoke to me in your excitement will never pass my lips. I am glad for your sake that things turned out as they did."

Bob followed Mr. Wendell out into the drug store then. He was pretty well shaken up and his only idea was to get away.

This, however, was not to be. Mr. Wendell immediately began questioning him about his affairs, and he did it in such a nice way that Bob could not help telling him all about the quarry.

"It's a good thing," said the congressman. "I advise you to go into it. How much money do you want?"

"How much should you think I needed, sir?" asked Bob.

"Oh, about two thousand dollars," replied Mr. Wendell, carelessly.

"Oh, no, sir. I've got five hundred. All I need is five hundred more."

"Never ask a man's advice unless you intend to follow it, Bob. Now, look here; you can't run that quarry on wind. You've got to start right in order to come out right, and to do the last you have got to have working capital. A thousand dollars is little enough."

"But I don't want to run in debt to any such amount, sir."

"Then don't go into the thing at all. Many a good enterprise which ought to have proved a success has turned out a dire failure for want of sufficient capital. That's my experience; but you can do just as you please."

"But who would lend me any such amount? I was going to the bank to try and raise five hundred on my note, when this happened; but—"

"But you needn't go now. You don't have to. I'll lend you the money on your note, Bob."

"Oh, I couldn't take it, sir. I couldn't think of anything of the sort."

"But you must. I insist on it, or better still, I'll endorse your paper, and take a second mortgage on the quarry to secure me. That will be a strictly business transaction. Come, we'll go right into the bank and settle it now, and I want you to understand that I consider it a perfectly safe investment."

Bob was quite overcome. "Perhaps you would think differently if you knew what that man in there knew," he faintly said.

"Stop!" cried the congressman. "I know one thing, Bob; yes, two!"

"Yes, sir?"

"First, I know that you are a hustler; second, I know that I have your word for it that you have committed no crime, and third—yes, there's another, Bob, I know that I am under obligations to you, that—"

"Stop, Mr. Wendell. Don't say any more."

"I'll stop on one condition only, Bob, and that is that you come right along with me

to the bank. I'm in a hurry, and I must settle this matter up before I attend to anything else."

It was a strange turn of affairs certainly. Inside of an hour from the time when Detective Connors caught hold of Bob's arm and the boy thought it was all up with him, he found himself in position to launch out as one of the business men of Brookville.

But for all that it was some time before Bob got over his scare and recovered his usual good spirits.

Two or three pleasant interviews with Nellie Wendell may have helped.

Bob met the girl on the street, and once he drove her to Dalton.

Each time Nellie renewed her invitation for Bob to call on her, but our young hustler was proud, and he only thanked Nellie and turned it off.

The body of Detective Connors was claimed by his relatives in Pittsburgh, and taken away.

It cannot be denied that Bob breathed more freely when he saw the box put on board the cars, and for days he lived in a state of anxiety and eyed every stranger who got off the train.

Mr. Wendell noticed this, and spoke of it.

"Don't worry now, Bob," he said one day at the station. "If trouble strikes you remember I am behind you. Whatever this business is, live it down, I say! Live it down."

"I'm trying to live it down, sir," replied Bob, his eyes filling with tears.

The kind-hearted congressman took the boy's hand and shook it heartily.

If he thought he was going to get Bob's confidence then he was mistaken, for the boy simply said: "Thank you," and then jumped on his truck and drove away.

CHAPTER XII.

BOB'S NEW BUSINESS TAKES A START.

Bob now found himself in a position to do just as he pleased about the quarry, but he would not hear to buying the property until he was all ready to act, so Squire Evans had the sale postponed two weeks, pending which the quarry was closed, for young Wehrle went out of town on the day of his assault upon Squire Evans and had not shown himself since.

Bob's first act was to take a run out to the quarry and look over the plant.

Of course he was no judge of building stone, but he was pleased with the appearance of things, and Mr. McIntyre, the foreman, assured him that the supply of granite was inexhaustible, and of a very superior quality.

"I don't know about your buying it," he said, "but I know I'd buy this quarry mighty quick if I could find anybody to back me up."

There was a substantial house on the ground for the accommodation of the quarrymen, which went with the plant, but this was all that did go with it beside the land, except the stationary engine and the big crane for hoisting stone.

Within three days parties came up from Albany and took possession of the horses, trucks and tools which had been sold to them by young Wehrle.

Bob then saw the wisdom of Mr. Wendell's judgment, for, of course, all these things had to be replaced by whoever intended to run the plant.

At last the day of sale came. Bob was prepared. He had been to Albany and submitted samples of the stone to two prominent architects, both of whom had assured him that it was sure to meet with a ready sale.

When Squire Evans called for bidders on the court-house steps there was, as he had anticipated, no one present, for Bob had put his bid in the squire's hands, and following his advice, kept away.

The squire made the usual three calls for bids, and none being there to respond, the quarry was knocked down to Bob at one dollar above the face of the mortgage.

"How shall I make out the transfer, Bob?" asked the squire, when Bob called at his office later in the day. "Your name is Robert Somers, I suppose, but if you have a middle name it wants to go in."

Bob turned pale.

"I suppose I must give my full name," he said.

"Certainly you must, or the transfer won't be legal," replied the squire, looking up in surprise.

"Put it Robert Richards," replied Bob.

"What!" cried the squire, laying down his pen.

"Well?" said Bob, turning paler than ever now.

"I've heard that name before," said the squire, slowly. "Did you ever live in Pennsylvania, Bob?"

"Yes, sir."

"Janesburg?"

"Yes, sir."

Bob got as white as death.

"This matter can go off, if you say so, Mr. Evans," he said, hollowly; "but I can't answer any more questions about my private affairs."

The squire chewed the end of the pen for a moment, and then said quietly:

"No; it stays on. I haven't forgotten what you did for me, Bob. I just want to ask one question more."

"Ask it, sir," replied Bob, his voice trembling so that he could scarcely speak. "Were you guilty?"

"No, sir! As heaven hears me I am innocent."

"That's enough. I believe you," said the squire. "I'll fill up the papers right away, but let me give you a word of advice."

"To live it down, sir? I am doing that as hard as I can."

"No; you misunderstand me. Choke it up! Let me take your case in hand. Don't hide here under an assumed name for sooner or later they will find you out."

"I'll think of it," replied Bob, and he turned away and hurriedly left the office.

"I can never choke it," he muttered, as he ran down-stairs. "I shall have to face the music in the end."

He thought he was going to have to face it that very afternoon, when Charley King drove the stage in from Dalton.

A large, rough-looking man stepped out and made a rush for Bob, who was talking to Mr. Leaver, the station agent, at the time.

"You're the fellow they call Bob Somers," he exclaimed, gruffly.

Poor Bob started and turned pale.

"I am," he stammered.

"You're just the one I want to meet, then. Come along with me!"

The man clapped a heavy hand on Bob's shoulder and started to draw him to one side.

"What do you want?" demanded Bob, pulling away. "How dare you put your hand on me! I tell you, I—"

"What the blazes is the matter with you?" cried the big man. Are you crazy? I want to arrange with you for a hundred tons of granite from that quarry you have just bought."

"Oh!" gasped Bob. "I thought—never mind. I am hardly open for business. We are not quite ready yet, but I'll hustle the stone right out for you. I've got granite to sell."

"Gee! you're a queer fellow!" said the big man. "One would have supposed that you took me for a detective, after you for some crime."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Secret Service" No. 38 is out to-day. It contains the great detective story, "The Knock-Out Drops Gang; or, The Brady's Risky Venture."

(This story commenced in No. 261.)

Doctor Dick;

OR,

Ten Weeks on Lunatic Island.

By J. G. BRADLEY,

Author of "Captain Thunder," "Sinbad the Second," "The Hero of the Maine," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

"How many are there, Ned?" asked Doctor Dick, when he had plunged his hand down into the hole in the rock and brought up the last jewel, which was a sparkling diamond.

"Fifty-eight all together," said Ned, counting them out into the sailor's hand. "There are fifteen diamonds, eighteen sapphires, twelve rubies and thirteen pearls, and they are all beauties, too, if I am any judge."

"Now, how in the world will we ever take care of them?" asked Lem. "They are the slipperiest things I ever handled."

"Let's divide them in three lots and put them in the lining of our caps. That will give us each an even number of everything but the pearls, and we can flip up a cent to see who will get the odd one," said Dick, pulling a penny out of his pocket.

The pearls were all about the same size, and as the boys had no way of determining their value, they were all perfectly satisfied with Dick's suggestion.

Ned and Dick both threw tails, and Lem threw heads, so the odd pearl was given to Lem, who put it carefully with the others.

Then the boys each ripped a small hole in the lining of his cap and dropped the stones in, fastening the hole again as tightly as possible by drawing it together and tying a bit of string around it.

"I wonder if there are any more jewel caskets around here," said Dick, glancing sharply over the rocks. "I am going to hunt a little farther, for who knows what I may find?"

They searched the rocks very carefully for some time, but if there were any more jewel caskets they did not find them.

After a while they went back to the settlement and talked to the "Flappy-Doodles" a little more. They were not sufficiently well acquainted with the natives of Lunatic Island to feel exactly easy with them yet.

It did not take very long to learn all there was to know about the settlement, and to accustom themselves to their queer

surroundings, so after a day or two spent entirely in the company of the lunatics the boys started out in search of more jewels.

"There must be a lot of them if we could only find 'em," said the sailor. "I've heard that there were treasures of every kind on the Mysterious Islands."

"Well, I guess we'll have plenty of time to look for them," said Dick; "now shall we each go different ways or all stick together?"

They had gone out of sight of the shanties entirely, and were standing very near the spot where they had found the jewels.

"Great Scott, Dick! Don't go in that direction!" cried Ned, suddenly. "There's somebody skulking in those bushes! I just saw the top of his head distinctly!"

Dick was facing some low bushes that were about fifteen feet away, and he stood perfectly still when Ned spoke, and scanned them carefully.

"Perhaps it's one of the lunatics, Ned. Where did you see him?"

"I don't think so," said Ned; "it looked like a man with a fur cap on," and he tossed a pebble over in the direction.

"Nonsense!" cried Dick. "No man but a crazy one would wear a fur cap in this weather, and we know that our crazy friends wear nothing but palm leaves and feathers."

"That's what we'll soon have to wear," said Lem, looking down at his clothes. "I wonder who is the tailor of Lunatic Island?"

Both Dick and Ned were busy scanning the bushes, so neither of them answered Lem's remark about the tailor.

"There he is!" cried Ned. "Don't you see those bushes moving? Hi there! Who are you? Speak up like a man before I put a bullet through you!"

In a second a big, brown head popped up over the bushes, and a pair of yellow eyes glared at the boys from under long bunches of hair that were perfectly hideous.

Then the creature opened its mouth and the boys saw a set of long, ugly teeth, and they knew at once that it was not a man, but an animal.

"Shall I shoot?" cried Ned, pointing his revolver at the beast.

Before Dick could answer he pulled the trigger, for the animal had suddenly risen in a tremendous leap right over the bushes in their direction.

"A good shot!" cried Dick, as the animal fell dead. "It's a baboon or an orang-outang, I don't know which. At any rate it's no ordinary monkey."

"Look at the club he had in his hand," said Lem, going over and picking up a bludgeon. "If he had ever hit us with that we would never have known what struck us."

Just then there was a terrible yelling in the direction of the shanties, and the boys saw two of the lunatics coming rapidly toward them.

"We scared them again with the revolver, I guess. I'll go and explain," said Dick, starting toward them.

When he reached the two lunatics he found that one of them was the "Lord High Chancellor," who was doing duty in King Flappy-Doo's temporary retirement, and the other was a little fellow whom the boys had already nicknamed "the baby."

"Did we scare you?" asked Dick, laying his hand on the High Chancellor's arm. The poor fellow had stopped yelling, but he was all of a tremble.

"We shot a baboon or a monkey of some kind—perhaps you can tell us what it is when you see it."

The old fellow shook his head, but followed Dick's lead with "the baby" hopping along after him, and yelling at intervals.

"Shut up now!" said the High Chancellor, turning and scowling at the other lunatic. "The Doctor is here! The Doctor will whip you!"

"Yes, shut up that yelling!" said Dick, very sternly. "It's not good for your health! It will make you nervous."

The fellow stopped his yelling by clapping his hand over his mouth. He was more afraid of Dick than he was of the High Chancellor.

"What is it?" asked Dick, when they came up to the beast, but the lunatics did not answer; they were both almost overcome with terror.

"Did you ever see one of these fellows on this island before?" asked Dick of the High Chancellor.

"Never!" stuttered the lunatic. "Never! Never!"

"That's strange," said Ned, "and yet he's been here thirty years."

"Perhaps he has seen one and forgotten," said Lem, looking at the old fellow.

"Never! Never!" shouted the lunatic, growing highly excited. "There were snakes and bugs and little people, but such monsters, never!"

"Then all I've got to say is that it is mighty curious," said Dick, "for if this beast isn't a native of the island, how in the name of all that is wonderful did he ever get here?"

"What does he mean by little people?" asked Ned.

"Don't ask me!" cried Dick. "I'm puzzled enough already."

"Well, he's got me guessing, too," said Lem, "for this critter must either have come here in a boat or a balloon. He

couldn't have swam, for there's no other land in sight of this island."

"He don't look as if he had been in the water long, his hair is hardly wet," said Ned, examining him closely.

"Oh, he dropped down from the clouds, no doubt," laughed Lem. "Isn't that your opinion, my friend?" he asked, turning to the High Chancellor.

"It may be," said the lunatic, with a bewildered look—"or he may have come up from the water under the island. There are caves and great holes quite big enough for his body."

"Oh, but he is not a deep sea monster; he's a land bird," said Dick. "I can see no way of his getting here except on some craft or other."

"Well, I guess he's sorry he came, anyway," said Ned. "Now, the question is, what to do with the brute?"

"I'd like to stuff his hide," said Lem, "to carry back to Australia with me, that is, if I ever go back."

"We can't cook any part of him, can we?" asked Ned, laughing.

"Good gracious, no! I'd feel like a cannibal," cried Dick, sharply. "Why, he looks so much like a man that it makes me feel guilty just to think of your killing him."

"Perhaps he is the Missing Link," remarked Lem.

"Or the type of monkey that we are descended from," laughed Ned.

"Well, it won't do to stand here all day and talk about him," said Lem. "So we may as well make a move if we expect to get him over to the shanty."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC.

The boys rigged up a kind of litter out of bamboo poles and tough vines that they cut with their jack-knives, and with the help of the lunatics they dragged the monster over to the shanties.

"I'm going to try and skin him," said Dick to the High Chancellor. "His coat will make a splendid rug to lie on in cold weather."

"Cold weather? What is that?" asked the lunatic, in surprise.

"Why, isn't it ever cold on this island, my friend; no snow, no ice?" said Dick, making believe to shiver.

"No, no, not like that," said the lunatic, shaking his head. "More leaves, more feathers and more doors to our houses."

"He means that they wear more leaves and feathers sometimes than they do now, and put up doors to the shanties. That must be their winter, but it must be a mild one," said Dick, thinking it over.

When they got the animal deposited on the ground before one of the shanties the lunatics all rushed out and gathered around it.

At first they were so frightened that they yelled and screamed terribly, but Dick ran around among them and commanded them to be silent. As he stopped before each one he fixed his eye on them very sternly and without raising his voice said: "Be quiet this instant!"

There was something in his strong will that subdued them instantly, and the High Chancellor seemed very much relieved, for he was tired of yelling at them and threatening them.

"I'll skin the beast and bury the carcass," said the sailor, "provided I can get one of these fellows to help me."

"Be careful of your knife, Lem. Keep your eye on it," said Dick, softly. "It's best not to tempt any of these old chaps with a weapon."

"I'll be careful," said the sailor, looking around for his man; "I want that chap over there," he said, pointing to the strongest one among them.

"That's the Hercules of this company," said Dick, calling the fellow. "He's the giant that I spoke of when we first landed on the island."

The fellow came over when Dick called him, but he was a trifle surly. He was probably a man about fifty years of age, but seemed ten years younger.

"Must have been an athlete when he came here," said Ned, looking at his big muscles.

"Or a sailor like myself," said Lem. "See my muscles are as big as his are."

"I wonder how he has managed to keep them in such good shape?" said Dick, putting his hand on the fellow.

In a second the lunatic began gritting his teeth and doubled up his fist as though he would strike him.

Dick did not move an inch, but looked him calmly in the eye. He saw that the fellow was dangerous, and he meant to subdue him.

After about a minute, in which Dick never took his eyes from his face, the fellow began to waver, and look a little silly.

"So you would strike your Doctor, would you?" asked Dick, sternly. "You would lift your hand against the physician who has come to cure you? Shame on you! Here, fold your arms across your bosom and don't move until I tell you!"

He grabbed the fellow by the wrists and crossed his arms in front of him.

"Now I am going to give you something that will make you better natured," said

Dick, pulling his medicine case out of his pocket. "I am going to give you a pill to keep you from getting cross and angry."

With the greatest solemnity he opened a small box and taking a pill in his fingers made the fellow open his mouth and swallow it.

Lem and Ned turned their backs in order to keep from laughing, but the minute the fellow swallowed it he became as gentle as a kitten.

"I've mesmerized him all right," whispered Dick to Lem. "Now he'll do whatever you tell him, but keep your eye on him just the same. The spell may not last, if it doesn't the dose will have to be repeated."

The High Chancellor had driven the other lunatics off to prepare the midday meal, so Lem turned to the big fellow and told him to help him drag the carcass out a distance from the clearing.

"You take the feet and I'll take the head," he said, as he bent over to pick up his end of the litter.

"Hello! What's this?" he cried, dropping it again. "The brute's got something around his neck, tied on with a piece of rope. I'm blamed if I don't think it's a message of some sort!"

Dick and Ned crowded up as he cut the string.

"Here, you open it," said Lem, handing a small flat parcel to Dick.

"It's a letter wrapped in oil skin," said Dick, ripping it open. "I'll bet it's another shipwreck and we've killed the only survivor."

Then he read the following words that had been scribbled on the paper as if the writer had been in a terrible hurry:

"To the Snakes and Lunatics of the Mysterious Islands, Greeting! Will call and deliver one million dollars in gold to keep company with my diamonds, sapphires, pearls and rubies. Take care of the Diadem and the Royal Necklace. This message by my faithful servitor, Jocko. (Signed.)"

"THE PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC."

"Well, I'll be darned," was Dick's exclamation, when he had finished.

"The mystery deepens and the plot thickens," cried Ned, in a daze.

"I told you we'd struck the Mysterious Islands," said the sailor. "Tain't the first time I've heard of the Pirate of the Pacific."

"A million in gold, a diadem and a royal necklace! That sounds appetizing to say the least," said Dick, very thoughtfully. Then he suddenly threw up his hat and burst out laughing.

"I say, boys," he cried; "won't his jobs, the Pirate, get a warm reception?"

Ned and Lem laughed heartily, but the lunatics were so excited over the monster that they did not pay any attention to the letter.

"Shall we read it over to them and see how they take it?" asked Ned.

"Not now; they are excited enough as it is," said Dick. "We had better think the situation over a little, before we say anything to them at all, for between you and me, I'm afraid that things are getting really serious."

"You mean that you believe the Pirate is a dangerous fellow and that his visit will mean trouble for all of us?" asked Ned soberly.

"It's bound to," answered Lem, quickly, "for he's a terrible rascal. I tell you, I have heard of him before. He's the terror of these waters."

"Well, we'll try and be ready for him when he comes," replied Dick, "but now I must quiet the High Chancellor a little, for he is beginning to act curiously."

The boys glanced at the two lunatics who had run a little distance from them, and were standing crowded under a tree, shivering and making queer gestures.

"It don't take much to scatter their few wits, poor fellows," said Ned. "Go over there, Doctor Dick, and see if you can't help them."

Dick went over to the two rattled lunatics and put his hand on the High Chancellor's arm and began to talk to him, quietly, but firmly.

"Dick's a wonder," said Ned to Lem, as he saw the lunatics growing more quiet.

"He's a dandy doctor, all right," was the sailor's answer. "Our lives on this island would not be worth sixpence if he had not been with us."

"He'd make those fellows believe the moon was made of cheese if he wanted to. Just see how admiringly the Chancellor is looking at him!"

"Yes, and Hercules is as meek as Moses ever since he took that first pill. I would not have believed it was possible to bamboozle such an ugly fellow."

"Oh, Dick does it more by his strength of will than anything else," said Ned. "He is a genuine mesmerist, or I'm much mistaken. Well, have you put some sense into their empty heads?" he asked as Dick came back.

"They were badly scared," said Dick, with a smile. "It's perfectly plain that they never saw a specimen like that before, and they think his baboonship is the Old Nick himself, and that his visit to the island means some terrible trouble."

"He don't look as if he would make much

trouble for anyone," said Ned, turning toward the dead animal. "I must have hit him squarely in the heart to kill him so quickly."

"I wonder if the Pirate has any more such messengers as these. Perhaps his next dispatch will come by a kangaroo or an elephant," said Dick, thoughtfully.

"And I hope that the lunatics won't all lose their heads at the same time. We would be in a pretty mess if they did," said Ned, a little anxiously.

"Yes, we'd be 'between the devil and the deep sea,' about that time," answered Dick, "but here comes Hercules to help you drag away this carcass."

CHAPTER IX.

MORE ABOUT THE PIRATE.

The sailor and Hercules, as the boys called the big lunatic, took hold of the litter and dragged it to some distance, but before they began skinning the animal the Lord High Chancellor called to them that the meal was ready. The boys sat down under the tree where their food was spread while as usual the lunatics at their sitting on the floor of their shanties.

Before Dick sat down he went over and looked at the bad lunatic, who was bound to a tree, and found him fairly quiet and munching a banana.

"Are you better, my friend?" asked Doctor Dick.

The fellow grunted, and Dick went back to his dinner.

"I wish to goodness we knew the hour that His Royal Highness the Pirate intends to visit us, and where his private wharf is located," said Ned, after a minute.

"I must question the Chancellor on that subject," said Dick. "If King Flappy-Doo was only on deck I am sure he could tell us."

"By the way, how's he getting on? Have you seen him?" asked Lem.

"Oh, he's still playing with his fingers up there in his shanty," replied Dick. "I made him a professional call of about two minutes."

"Wonder how long he remains non compos mentis," said Ned. "He's a pretty good ruler. I'd like to see him resume the reins of government."

"Yes, it would relieve us of a little responsibility," said Dick. "Great Scott! Just listen to those two lunatics quarrel!"

"Hadden't you better go over," asked Ned, after a minute. "They are scrapping for fair, and the High Chancellor does not seem to be able to part them."

Dick rose from the ground and sauntered over to the shanty. In less than a minute he had stopped their quarreling entirely.

"What was the matter?" asked Ned as he came back to the table.

"Oh, the 'Baby' got frisky and dropped a bird's leg in among another fellow's top-knot of feathers, and the other fellow resented it by shoving a soft banana into the 'Baby's' ear. They must have their fun," said the Doctor, laughing; "but I wish they wouldn't make so much noise about it."

As soon as lunch was over Lem called Hercules again and the two started off to finish up Jocko.

Dick took a look at the big fellow and saw that he was smiling—the pill was doing its duty and keeping him very good natured.

"Now I'll make my rounds once more and give them all a lecture," said Dick, "and then I'm off again to look for that necklace."

"Won't the Pirate be surprised to see us instead of the lunatics? Or perhaps he has never even visited the settlement."

"I'll ask his joblots," said Dick, as he saw the Lord High Chancellor coming toward them.

"Do you ever have a visitor on the island, my friend? A fellow who calls himself the Pirate of the Pacific?"

In a second the old lunatic began to tremble, his knees knocked together and he stuttered and stammered.

"Yes! Yes!" whispered the Chancellor, looking actually wild with fright.

"When was it?" questioned Dick, putting one arm over the Chancellor's shoulder.

"Long, long ago. He came twice," said the old fellow. "Once he came with his big knife and shook it at us. Once he came and murdered King Flappy-Doo the First. He saw him do it, King Flappy-Doo the Second."

"Indeed!" cried Dick. "So that's his style, is it? Well, I'm glad we have good nerves and lots of cartridges for our pistols."

"The Pirate is a monster, a fiend," whispered the lunatic. "His face is black like a nigger's, and he has one eye in the middle."

"What, only one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead?" said Dick. "I have heard of those monsters, but I have never seen one."

"He swims like a fish and comes right up out of the sea," went on the lunatic. "He brings a dozen blackimps and makes the island tremble."

"Whew, a dozen of them!" cried Dick. "Well, that's a cheerful outlook! But don't you worry, my friend. He shall not make the island tremble this time."

Dick left him with a warning to say nothing about the matter, then he went

back to Ned, who was eager to get after the Pirate's jewels.

"I feel it in my bones that we are in for it, Ned," he said. "I expect a lot of trouble with the Pirate of the Pacific."

"Oh, well, we are three to his one," said Ned, after a minute's thought, "and anyway we would not be much worse off dead than we are now. Somehow the idea of staying all our lives on this island is not very cheerful, and I, for one, welcome a little excitement and danger. Not but that there is always more or less danger wherever there are lunatics," he added soberly. "Why, those fellows may set fire to the shanties any minute."

"By Jove, and I believe that is just what they have done!" cried Dick, springing suddenly to his feet. "Do you see that smoke over there? Come quick! I am sure there is something the matter!"

The boys rushed over in the direction of the smoke and as they did so a great blaze sprang up suddenly from behind one of the shanties.

Just then there was a tremendous whirling in the air and a perfect multitude of birds swept over their heads, squawking as though they were frightened out of their senses.

Then the branches of the trees began to shake and rustle as a colony of monkeys of all sorts and descriptions ran chattering and screeching to places of safety.

"We are in it for fair, I guess!" cried Dick. "The island's on fire as sure as shooting!"

"I'll bet it's the Pirate himself!" cried Ned, who was pretty well scared himself for a moment.

"Nonsense! It's one of the lunatics! Bring some water, quick!" cried Dick, as he bounded forward.

"There he is! It's the Baby," said Lem. "He's set fire to the bushes! Don't you see him standing there looking on and laughing?"

"He seems mighty well pleased with his work, if he did it," cried Ned; "but what can we do to keep it from reaching the shanties?"

A large clump of bushes were blazing merrily and the lunatics in the settlement when they saw the glow, set up a noise that was as hideous as the yelling of a pack of hyenas.

"There is no use to try and stop their noise now," cried Dick. "We have no time for that. We must start a back fire and try and protect the shanties."

He ran over to the High Chancellor, who was jumping up and down in his fright, and grabbing him by the shoulder, commanded him to rub two dry sticks together as fast as he could and set fire to the bushes that were nearest the shanties. The old fellow looked more frightened than ever at that, but Dick glared at him so furiously that he was completely cowed and in another minute he was obeying orders. "It's lucky the wind is the right way," cried Ned. "See the flames are going in the direction of the water."

"If we can only keep it under control," said Lem, "and we could if we had any means of throwing water."

Just then Ned happened to think of the bailer that they had brought up from the boat, and he ran and got it and then went back and he ran from the nearest spring, throwing water on the bushes and grass around the shanties. He could carry only about two quarts at a time, but as the wind continued to blow the flames toward the ocean it helped a good deal in putting out stray sparks and small blazes.

As soon as Dick saw that the space around the shanties was fairly well cleared and that the wind was still blowing the fire straight down to the water, he left the work in Ned's and Lem's hand and ran back to the spot where the lunatics were, all screeching and huddling together.

"Where is Limpy?" he asked, quickly, as he missed one of the lunatics. "Where is the lame fellow that was with you? The one that lives in King Flappy-Doo's shanty, I mean."

The High Chancellor stopped yelling long enough to point to the woods.

"He's gone," he chattered, and began yelling again like fury.

"Shut up now!" roared Dick, "or I'll knock your heads together! What do you mean by making such a racket?" he asked as he grabbed each one and shook him.

The lunatics stopped screeching after he had scolded them a while, but they were all shaking with fear and some could hardly stand still a minute.

The High Chancellor recovered himself with a wonderfully brave effort, and helped Dick all he could in quieting the others.

Just then Dick heard the sailor give a yell that was almost as bad as any which the lunatics had done, and saw him suddenly swing himself up into a tree as if something was after him.

"I'll bet the fire has started a stampede of lizards," thought Dick, and began to laugh, but as he ran over toward Lem he stopped laughing very quickly.

"Great Caesar, have you started a circus, Lem?" he yelled. "If you have, for goodness sake lend me a trapeze. I don't want to stay on the ground or in those trees either another minute."

"What are they?" asked Lem, trying to keep one eye on the ground and the other on the branch on which he was sitting.

Dick made a lunge with his stick at something on the ground and jumped about ten feet before he answered.

"Ask me something easy," he cried, dodging another fellow. "I guess it's the Pirate's menagerie come ashore to have a procession."

"They are mostly lizards, I guess," said Lem, peering down, "but the first critter I saw looked more like a sea serpent than anything."

Just then Lem let out another yell and dropped down from the tree.

"Great Jumping Jerusalem!" he roared; "the tree is full of 'em!"

"What, snakes?" asked Dick.

"No, lizards, and big bugs," said Lem. "One of the clammy things crawled over my hand and nearly gave me spasms."

"Why didn't you hit it with your stick?" asked Dick, beginning to laugh.

"He was too quick for me," said the sailor. "Why, he slid along that tree like a streak of greased lightning."

"Where is the Baby?" asked Dick, looking around for the lunatic.

"Oh, the Lord High Chancellor has got him over there in the stanty. He was the happiest loon I ever saw," he added, laughing, "until the Chancellor collared him and began to scold him."

"Well, he deserves to be punished in some way," said Lem. "He might have burnt us all out of house and home, and I'll never forgive him for stirring up those lizards."

"Wasn't there a lot of them? I saw fifty or more," said Ned, "and besides the lizards there were some vicious-looking spiders down there."

"This is a great country that we are in," said Lem, with a sigh. "A land of baboons and diamonds, of Flappy-Doo's and lizards."

"The outlook is cheerful, to say the least," said Ned. "I wonder what our mothers would say if they could see us?" "Don't, Ned!" cried Dick, sharply. "I can stand anything but that! Thank Heaven, they did not expect to hear from us for two months or more."

"Well, it's nearly a month now since they heard," said Ned. "I only hope that another month will see some change in our condition."

"We'll try to take the pirate captive when he comes," said Dick, hopefully, "and then perhaps we can make terms with him to take us to some port or other."

"A good idea!" cried Ned. "I did not think of that before."

Lem shook his head and looked very solemn.

"We haven't much to expect from the Pirate, I guess. If we handle him at all, it will be after he is dead, and he may not be an easy critter to kill either, for if all I've heard of him is true, he is neither brute nor human," he said, very soberly.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dick, suddenly. "I had completely forgotten about Limpy! You know the lame chap that lives in King Flappy-Doo's shanty. He took to the woods when the fire broke out, and I haven't seen him since. We'll have to go and find him!" "Lem and I will go; you had better stay here," said Ned. "They'd burn up the whole settlement if we all went away together."

"All right, I'll stay," said Dick; "but look out for Limpy. He was looking savage this morning; don't let him hurt you!"

"He's too lame to go far, I guess," said Lem, scanning the bushes.

Oh, his lameness is from an old injury. He does not suffer from it now, so it will not prevent his getting quite a distance," was Dick's answer.

Ned and the sailor started out and Dick sat down on a rock to be handy in case of trouble.

The noise of the birds and monkeys had about subsided, and the lizards and bugs had crept under cover. Dick was thinking very deeply as he sat there about the state of affairs, and particularly about the Pirate of the Pacific.

Pretty quickly he heard the boys coming back with Limpy between them, and he saw at once that they had been having a struggle with him.

"You've disarranged his feathers somewhat," he said, as he went to meet them. "I'm afraid he'll need some new trousers, he looks pretty ragged and dirty."

"And we need some arnica or witch hazel," laughed Ned, "for he is a mighty good kicker in spite of his lameness."

"I'll give him some medicine that will make him stop kicking," said Dick sternly, as he drew his medicine case from his pocket.

"Take him over to his shanty, and I'll come and see him."

"This doctoring racket is a great one, isn't it, Dick?" laughed Ned. "It was a lucky minute when you thought of playing doctor."

"If I could only give the Pirate a dose when he comes," said Dick, "I should feel as if I really was entitled to a diploma."

"Oh, you can administer a pill at long distance," cried Lem, "for instance, you can shoot a lead one into him from the business end of your revolver!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Read "Pluck and Luck" No. 71, "Phil, the Boy Fireman," by Ex Fire Chief Warden.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. Notice is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "Editor of HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

A. H. D. FRIEND.—The majority of our readers differ from you, therefore we cannot comply with your request.

JENNIE.—May 27, 1883, came on Sunday. 2. If you are 5 feet 2 inches tall you ought to weigh at least 113 pounds.

E. R. G.—There is no premium on either of the late two-cent Canadian stamps either with or without surcharge.

JOHN COLUNAN.—Three dollar gold pieces, excepting for the years 1875-76, if in perfect condition, are quoted at \$3.50 each.

A CONSTANT READER.—We cannot say what the old original volumes are worth, as they have no fixed value. Inquire of some dealer in old books.

GROVER GASHORN.—You can learn to become a ventriloquist if you have the ability to do so, but you would need some instruction in the beginning.

E. E. F.—We do not furnish "G. & J." tires or Sanger handle bars on our wheels; you will have to pay extra for them. 2. You can have any desired drop to the frame. 3. The Hartford Tire Co. do not make a "Clincher" tire.

ARCHIE M.—To gain flesh you must take plenty of sleep, little exercise and eat plenty of farinaceous food. We cannot prescribe a cure for dyspepsia, as we know nothing about your constitution, habits, work, etc. 2. Writing good.

TRAVEL.—We cannot say what reduced rates may be in vogue between New York and Paris next year. The probability is that \$100 would cover the cost of passage both ways, but would not cover the cost of living, etc., while doing the exposition.

YOUNG ADMIRAL DEWEY.—They contained an assorted number, embracing about twenty-five copies—they are now out of print. The "Wide Awake" library consisted of 1,353 numbers; it is entirely out of print. We can still supply the "Young Klondike" library by mail.

LEFT TACKLE.—The college colors for which you inquire are: Yale, blue; Harvard, crimson; Amherst, white and purple; Columbia, blue and white; Trinity, white and green; University of Virginia, cardinal and gray; Dickinson, red and white; Williams, royal purple; Johns Hopkins, blue and black.

PARIS.—In engaging steamship fare from New York to Paris and return it will include your food each way in crossing the ocean and you can, no doubt, make arrangements with some of the transportation companies to include a stay of one or two weeks in Paris, provided you are willing to pay extra for the privilege.

TIM THE TINKER.—To enlist in the army you must be 5 feet 4 inches tall and between 18 and 35 years of age, and in the navy between 17 and 35. If you have a finger cut off at the second joint you would be rejected. 2. An electrician in the navy would receive the same pay as a machinist, \$70 per month. There is no special demand for boys in the navy. 3. There would be no chance for a boy without any experience on the ocean to obtain a position on a vessel bound for Australia or New Zealand.

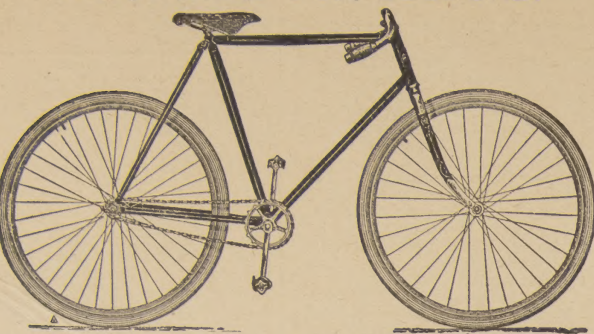
GUSSIE.—The practice of throwing an old shoe after a bride is, it seems, quite misapplied when it is done by some of her companions, for luck. According to the spirit of the ceremony which is of very ancient origin, it should be done by the parent or guardian of the bride, as indicating a renouncing of all authority of her. Chieftains in feudal times took off their shoes and handed them to their conquerors in token of accepted defeat, from which practice this slipper-throwing custom is said to have descended.

FRANK READE.—Electric power has been applied for ordinary vessels—such as launches, pleasure boats and the like—and for submarine torpedo boats and the crafts especially made for the purpose of being propelled in that manner, and consequently are rather expensive. The same may be said of naphtha launches, which cost from \$650 to \$7,000 each. In both instances the boats are furnished with a propeller, side-wheel propulsion being considered out of date. A boat fitted with a gas or oil engine would probably be less costly.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

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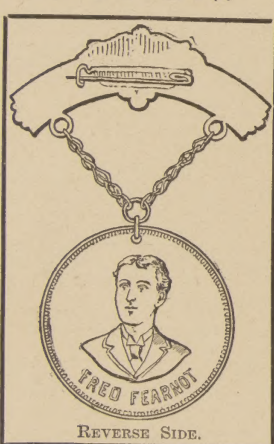
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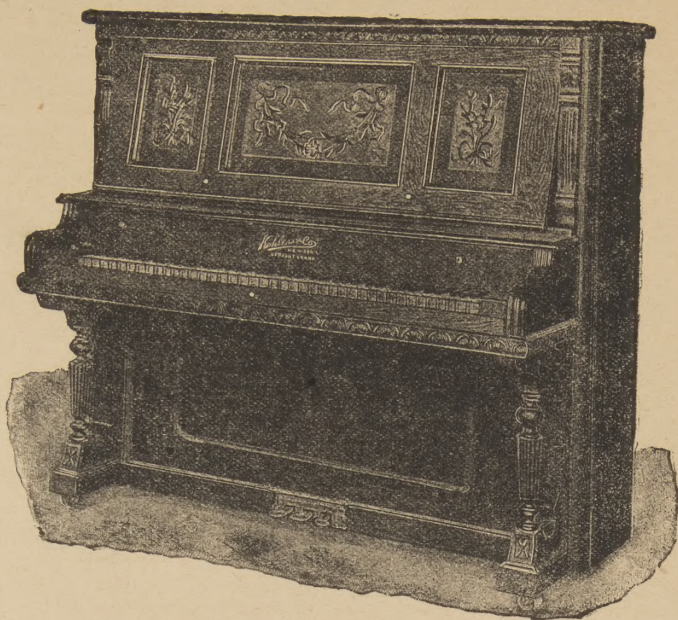
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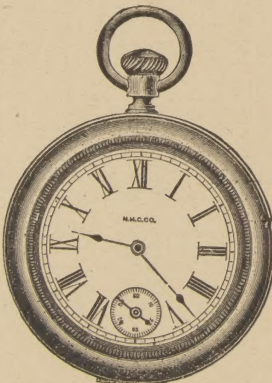
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